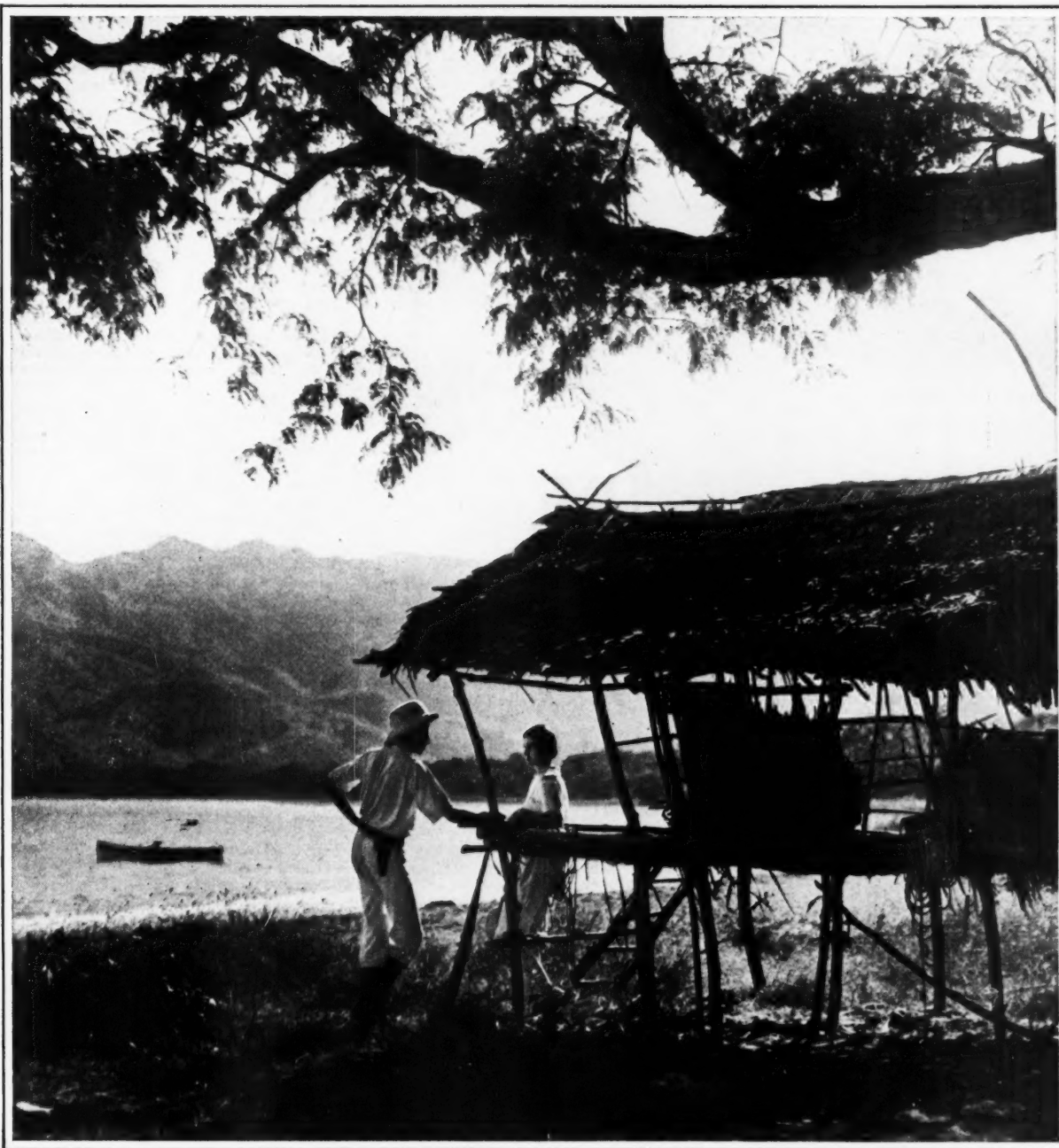


YOUTH'S COMPANION



Photograph by W. Douglas Burden

TWENTIETH-CENTURY DRAGON HUNTERS

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Burden and their Hut in the Malay Archipelago—See page 525

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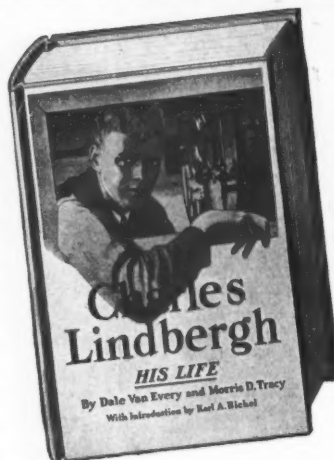
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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MISCELLANY

FRENCH AND "FLOURISHING"

THE surviving examples of our foremothers' fancywork, some of it ugly but quaint, some exquisitely wrought and of real beauty, are held today in high esteem. Ladies in the old days often exchanged patterns and taught each other stitches, but, also, many of them took lessons of professional instructors. A little over two centuries ago, on May 16, 1723, the American Mercury of Philadelphia published an interesting advertisement.

"Public Notice is hereby given that there is lately arrived in this city one Mrs. Rods, who will teach any young ladies or Gentlewomen to read and write French to perfection. She will give constant Attendance at her Dwelling-House in the Second Street in the Alley next door to Doctor Owens. She likewise teaches to Flourish on Muslin after the most expeditious way, and at very reasonable Prices. She likewise draws all Manner of Patterns for Flourishing on Muslin, and those in Fashion of Lace, which is very pretty and quickly learned. She likewise draws Patterns for Embroidering and Petticoats, etc. And those who have a Mind to learn, she will teach very reasonable."

"Reasonable," in those times, meant unreasonably little; and this learned and skillful lady had a little side-line to help out. "She hath very good Orange-Oyl to dispose of by the Quarter of a Pound or Ounce; the said Oyl being very good for the Wind-Cholick and fit for many other things. And likewise Sweet-Meats, as Lemon and Orange-Peel, very well made; it will be disposed by the Pound, Half-Pound or Quarter, very cheap. N.B. She gives attendance from Nine in the Morning till Twelve; and in the Afternoon if any Gentlewomen require it, at their Houses."

It is a safe guess that, whatever the perfection of the French Mrs. Rods could impart to her prospective pupils, her financial success depended chiefly on her ability in extracting "Orange-Oyl" and "Flourishing on Muslin."

A RUNAWAY RICKSHAW

IN her recent interesting book, "An Immigrant in Japan," Mrs. Theodore Geoffrey tells of her perilous and peculiar experience in a rickshaw which ran away with her. Her rickshaw man, Usui, did not, as one might be driven to suppose, take the bit in his teeth, and bolt. It was the rickshaw itself which on a steep hill in slippery wet weather, ran away with both its usual motive power and its passenger. At the foot of the hill a canal ran at right angles, and the road turned sharply to avoid it. Halfway down, Usui slipped, and lost control. Mrs. Geoffrey, buttoned in behind the curtains because of the rain, was helpless; she could not jump.

"Usui was running headlong," she says, "his feet touching the ground in immense bounds, fighting to pull the shafts, for the runaway rickshaw, its equilibrium on the single axle lost in the stumble, threatened to overturn backward at each revolution of the spinning wheels. With herculean wrenches of his muscular shoulders, Usui turned it bit by bit till he had it pointing toward the window of a little shop projecting from the roadside. There was no way in which he could overcome the tremendous momentum and stop the rickshaw without dropping the shafts, which would have abandoned me to a fearful fall; so he deliberately steered himself head on, at full speed, into the plate-glass window, not even lifting his hands from the shafts to protect his face.

"There was a terrific crash. Glass splintered in all directions; Usui and the rickshaw wallowed knee-deep in pottery and cut flowers. Our wild flight was ended. His face streaming blood, hands and arms badly cut, Usui turned to unbutton the curtains that imprisoned me.

"Is Oku San hurt?" was the first question; and then: 'Oku San, I am humbly ashamed of my clumsiness. I have broken this man's window, but you must take the money from my wages to replace it.'

"It never dawned upon his simple soul that he might claim praise or reward for saving my life; instead he overwhelmed me with gratitude because I paid for the window.

"When, later, he was given half the price of a brand-new, oilcloth-curtained, velvet-cushioned, pneumatic-tired rickshaw, and the rest advanced to be paid at his convenience, his highest ambition had been attained, and he felt like a king!"

PUSS TO THE RESCUE

MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, New England writer, was exceedingly fond of cats and denied that treachery is a characteristic of pussies. The following story, which she delighted to tell, illustrates her belief that a cat, like a dog, is a faithful friend.

"Years ago I had a cat and a canary who were actually fond of each other. The cat liked to parade around the room with the bird on its head. One day, however, the cat caught the bird in its mouth and sprang to the top of a high secretary, and everybody felt hurt at pussy's trickery until we discovered the real state of affairs. A strange cat had entered the room—the canary had been saved from immediate mastication."

WHAT IS YOUR SCORE?

THIS is a fairly hard questionnaire that will test your information in a dozen different fields. A score of 70 will be excellent.

1. What flower has the same name as a part of the eye?

2. What animal is the "mascot" of the Naval Academy football team?

3. Which is the greater, the height of Mt. Everest, the highest mountain in the world, or the depth of the deepest sea?

4. Who flung down his cloak that a queen might cross a muddy spot upon it?

5. What are the next two lines to the following:

"He said to his friend, 'If the British march By land or sea from the town tonight'?"

6. Into what three "kingdoms" are all natural objects divided?

7. Who was Mirabeau?

8. With what singular weapon did Samson slay a thousand Philistines?

9. What is "static"?

10. What vegetable grows best in land that has been slightly salted?

11. Which is the higher rank, major general or lieutenant general?

12. What is the name of the small mallet used by a presiding officer?

13. What is the "Marconi rig," used on sailboats?

14. What bird is the symbol of wisdom?

15. Which is the smallest of the eight planets of our solar system? The largest?

16. What have René Lacoste, Elizabeth Ryan and Gerald Patterson in common?

17. What famous character in fiction lived in Baker Street, London?

18. What American bird always lays its eggs in the nests of other birds?

19. Who are the two United States Army fliers who first flew successfully across the Pacific to Honolulu?

20. Who composed the opera "Lohengrin"?

(Answers to questions are on page 527)

A KINDLY CARCASS

AFARMER was trying to fill out a railway company claim sheet for a cow that had been killed on the track. He came down to the last item: "Disposition of the carcass." After puzzling over the question for some time, he wrote: "Kind and gentle."

THE BEST MOTION PICTURES

"**MOON of Israel**," A German production released by F. B. O., is in many respects as impressive a Biblical spectacle as Cecil B. DeMille's "Ten Commandments." Based upon Sir H. Rider Haggard's novel, it is enacted by a German cast directed by Michael Curtiz. It is the story of the Exodus, with which is interwoven a romance between Seti, heir to the throne of Pharaoh, depicted by Adelqui Miller, and Merapi, a Hebrew slave (Maria Corda).

The scene in which the Red Sea opens to permit the Israelites to pass and then closes to engulf the Egyptians is a remarkable one. Photographically and dramatically the picture is impressive.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION BLUE-RIBBON LIST

Moon of Israel—F. B. O.

Described above

Where Trails End—Capitol

A forest story in which an outlaw dog finds a master and redeems himself. "Silverstreak" and Johnny Walker

Wedding Bells—Paramount

The sort of acrobatic farce that Harold Lloyd might have produced, fitted to that clever comedian, Raymond Griffith

Riding to Fame—Commonwealth

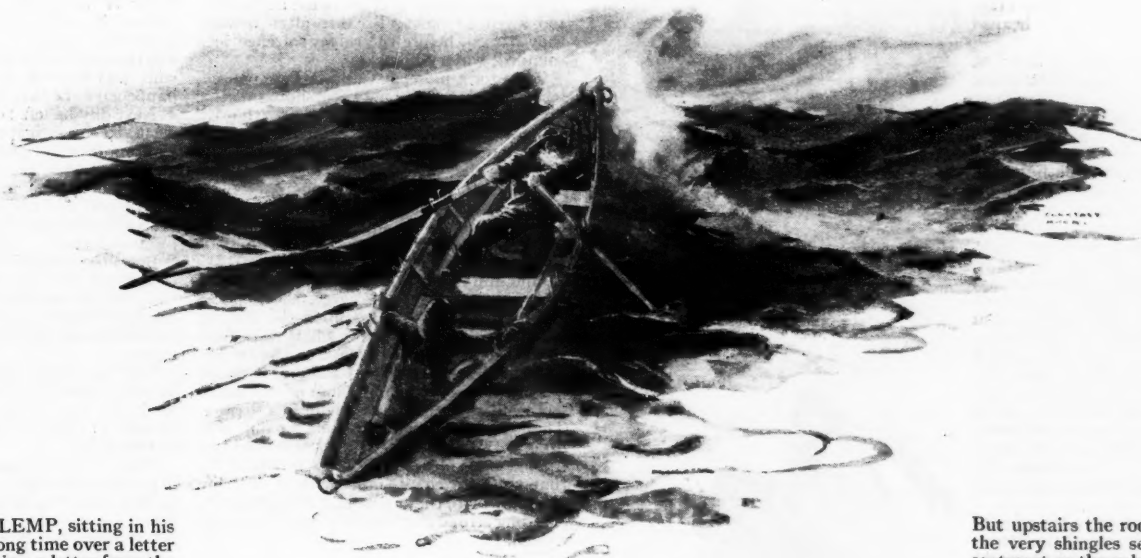
A race track picture with an unusual complication. George Fawcett

THE · YOUTH'S · COMPANION

VOLUME 101

AUGUST 4, 1927

NUMBER 31



Like an enraged giant the old skipper bent to his oars, striving to conquer those first breakers and get into deeper water

Never Say Die

By CHARLES A. LAWRENCE

Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN

INSPECTOR VAN LEMP, sitting in his office, pored for a long time over a letter that had come to him; a letter from the president of a steamship company, complaining that on two separate occasions the Tail and Body light, off Coalport Point, had not been lighted. There was a strong implication in the letter, moreover, that the lighthouse keeper was too old for duty.

The inspector, although recently appointed to that district, was a man of much experience and knew that all accusations of negligence should be thoroughly sifted. Sometimes there are ugly jealousies. It was possible that some other man wanted Captain Peter Bradley's job. It was possible that some fisherman had spread the rumor that the old man was growing careless, and that this rumor had been accepted, without full investigation, by the signer of the letter.

Nevertheless, Mr. Van Lemp knew that an incompetent or careless keeper has to be replaced at once, as the lives of both men and ships depend on his fidelity. He looked up Captain Bradley's record; and when he discovered that the old man was past seventy he decided that it was quite likely he was a "back number."

The office clerk knew the captain, of course, and explained to the inspector that he was strong and well for his years.

"But he's too old," said the chief. "Such a man can't stand conditions in such an exposed place. I was going to look him up on my next inspection tour, anyway. Let's see. My wife's steamer is due in Coalport next Tuesday. I'll go over a day early, and visit the Tail and Body light. Meanwhile, I must break this thing to the old man. I will write him today, notifying him of the charges against him, and telling him that, in any case, it will probably be necessary to retire him at once on account of his age."

And so, on a freezing day of the next week, Captain Bradley saw on the near-by Haystack light (which was kept by his friend Captain Ezra Moore) a signal that there was mail matter there for him. The Haystack light lies close to shore; together with the Tail and Body light, which is farther out, it gives the course to vessels coming into Coalport from the south, between the two dangerous Oven Shoals.

Very often young Abner Bradley, the captain's orphan grandson, rowed across to the Haystack for the mail. But this time the old man went for it himself in his dory. It was bad news that he buttoned up in his jacket pocket as he started back, and he dreaded showing the letter to his old wife, who was slowly recovering from an illness.

Abner saw the shadow on his grandfather's face when he landed.

"What's the matter, Granpa?"

The old man looked at him gravely. "Oh, never mind, Ab. Don't worry. I guess I've got to give up this station; but then, we'll keep our courage up."

This resolution was Captain Bradley's cure for all ills. Keep your courage up! It served him well on a thousand occasions

when the safety of his ship and crew, in the old days, had depended on his seamanship in a squall or in treacherous fog along the coast. It served him, too, when the bank at Wentworth failed, and his savings of forty years went up in the crash. It stayed by him even when his only son was drowned, with his wife, leaving little Abner, then a baby, to the care of his grandparents.

But it takes resolution to keep your courage up when, at seventy years of age, you face the prospect of being turned out homeless with a feeble, beloved old wife who needs comfort, and with only a young boy to aid you.

CAPTAIN BRADLEY read the official letter to his wife, suppressing the most bitter parts, which spoke of his great age. "There's no doubt," he said, "that one of those times Mr. Van Lemp mentions was when you took sick, Cynthia, and when little Ab was a mite too small to tend the light alone. But I don't blame the boy. He did the best he could."

"He is a good boy," said Mrs. Bradley, smiling.

"None better."

"But tending the light is a man's work, all the time."

"Seems so—specially in winter time."

"You never failed, Peter."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. Everybody can make mistakes, sometimes, and you can't always fix a break in a minute. But what am I sayin', Cynthia? You know as much about the light as I do."

"You're a good man yet, Peter."

"But how am I goin' to get round the fact that I'm gettin' old, Cynthia? Why, I'm seventy-one next May. I s'pose it's time I was gettin' ashore for good. Not as I feel old—so far's I can see, my nat'l force is mighty near as good's ever. But I am old—there's no denyin' that. So I guess we got to go ashore."

"But where can we go, Peter?" she asked with pitiful anxiety. "We have no home at Wentworth any more, and no kith and kin anywhere."

"Well, Cynthia, keep your courage up. The Lord hasn't forgotten us—you'll see.

Here's Ab lookin' down in the mouth. Cheer up, sonny!"

He rose with a smile on his handsome, weatherbeaten old features. Captain Bradley had been six feet three inches tall in his young days, and his shoulders were hardly bowed, even now. He was the old-fashioned, strong seafaring type of man—the sort that the forecote has often bred among men who fear God and love the sea.

"You're a big fellow, now," he added, to Abner, "and we'll expect a lot from you from now on. An' I'm not done for, not yet!"

He went out to make the dory's lashings snug and to chop firewood. There were only a few "chores" to do on the tiny farm, as he loved to call it, which was supported by the well-nigh barren rock. He was a mighty grower of gay-colored flowers in the summer season and also raised a surprising amount of vegetables, considering that he had to bring all his soil over from the shore, and that it washed away every winter. But there were no flowers and vegetables blooming now. The door was caught by the wind away from his hand and slammed against the tower. He glanced at his barometer. It read 30.17 and was falling.

The sky in the east was full of "horse-tails," and the sea—although comparatively calm—was beginning to rise and fall ominously.

"Dirty weather coming," said the captain, aloud, after noting these signs and a dozen others which a landsman would have missed. It was said of him that he could "smell the weather," and perhaps he could; men whose lives are spent in constant struggle with the elements have specially developed senses.

As soon as the chores were done, the captain put on and fastened the shutters. Only in this way was it possible to exclude the spray in bad weather, for the waves broke on the reef, and the flying water often found its way through the topmost windows, sixty feet above the sea level.

Then the great lamp was lit, and, as if it had been a signal, the gale came howling straight from the northeast. Under the shock of the tremendous gusts the stone tower shook and vibrated, though it gave no sound.

But upstairs the roof timbers groaned, and the very shingles seemed to snap with resentment as the gale tore across their rough surface.

Presently the fog bell began to ding out its wild notes, telling that the tugging furies of the northeaster had torn loose the lashings. With difficulty the old man made his way out to the massive trestle which supported it, and while Abner held the lantern he secured it anew with a couple of strong half-hitches.

The air was full of driving sleet, and both were glad to step again within the covered passage. The old man looked through one of the small windows to leeward, and his fine old face settled with gravity: "May the good Lord help them that are off the coast to-night," he said solemnly.

Abner awoke next morning to see a sky more or less clear, but such a sea as he never remembered in all his thirteen years tearing in from the black horizon line and biting viciously at the little neck which connected the Tail and Body light with the shore. As he peered, fascinated, through the pane, *slap* came a bucketful of solid water against the glass, causing him to jump back with a startled "Jiminy!" The house stood so high that usually nothing but spray found its way so far aloft.

His grandfather was astir and had been awake, all night. "I never saw the light act so," he said. "The flame was adrawin' halfway up the ventilator, whenever I went up to look at it. It'll be a three-days' blow if I'm not very much mistaken, though it's lettin' up some for a spell, now."

Before long the watchers saw something drifting in from the southeast, coming in from the open sea. Captain Pete went up to the lantern to look at it through the spyglass.

"I declare," he said, coming down, "it's somebody tied on to somethin'. And see, there's a lot of wreckage hangin' onto the Tail rocks. Looks like steamer drift, if I'm not mistaken."

Just then little Abner hurried into the kitchen. "Granpa," he called. "There's a whole lot of sofas floatin' round the point. An' I picked up this hat, see? It's the uniform of some steamship company, I guess."

"There's been a bad wreck further down the coast or maybe out to sea," said Captain Bradley. "Abner, we must get the big dory out."

Abner stared, wide-eyed. "Why, Granpa, we could never go out in this weather."

Old Pete looked straight into the lad's eyes. "Abner, my son, that dory was made in Swampscott—there's no better sea boat was ever launched. Ye'll come with Granpa, won't ye? Now's the only chance to save the poor soul that's afloat. I guess God'll let us do it, boy."

"Of course I'll go, Granpa," said Abner, stoutly, but his cheek was pale, and he knew how men feel who volunteer for death.

A MONSTROUS but steady sea was running, but fortunately the lessening wind was now with the rising tide, and the

long, even, resistless ridges of dull gray-green were not as yet broken up as they would be soon, after the ebb began. Captain Pete stood for fully two minutes studying the waves and the sky.

The storm was surely spending itself. The clouds were breaking in places, and the gray would presently give place to patches of clear sky. Then the sun would come out, fitfully at first, and light up the wild waste of ocean, circling the low dome of the Haystack rock with foam, like pearls heaped about a great emerald.

Cynthia said, "Ain't it too much of a risk, Peter?" But she spoke no more to deter him, for in his face was something finer than mere resolution and more exalted than joy. Stooping, Captain Pete kissed his old wife, who tottered to the window and fell on her knees when he went forth. But first he buttoned the hood of his sou'wester close under his white beard, donned his heavy jersey and helped Abner to do likewise. Their rubber boots they cast aside, and with only light arctics drawn over their shoes, they tied down the legs of their trousers and were ready.

Down they went to where the Swampscott dory lay. Captain Pete took a stone and drove the thole pins tightly into their holes. The bailing scoop he secured with a small line, and he set the oars in their places. He rolled their coats into tight bundles and stowed them far under the stern seat. A tin of pilot bread and a jug of water followed. The dory was eighteen feet long and built with beautiful strength and lightness—the most seaworthy rowing boat ever constructed by mankind.

They rolled the dory down to the edge of the little beach, where it joined the Body. Thirty feet farther along the neck it would have been knocked over at once, for the waves broke clear across out there, a fact which also rendered impossible launching the boat to leeward. They shoved her down until she floated in the flat sheets of water sent up before the breakers.

Captain Bradley gave his final instructions to the boy. "You see, the castaway is driftin' in beyond our south point, Abner. We've got the wind more south'ard than we had it yesterday, so we must allow for it an' run out further south. I think we can pull right up to her, head to the wind all the way. It's about sou'-sou'-east. When I say the word, you give her a shove—'twon't take much—an' then jump in. If you can git to yer oars, all right, but never mind the first strokes, for I shall be pullin'. Make sure ye git in, an' sit down!"

Then he watched the water earnestly, for a little time. At last he got in and sat upon the mid-thwart, the oars in his knotted hands and his head turned backward towards the sea.

"Now, the very next one," he said,



Down they went to where the Swampscott dory lay

holding the swerving bow to the waves. Little Abner saw the wave—saw it heave up its weltering flank, curl and break. The shattered wreck of it piled in under the dory's bow, and with such a voice as he never before had heard from his grandfather the old man shouted "Now!"

Abner's push was not needed, for the dory fairly leaped from the pool and shot up the slope of the wave that followed. Over the

rolling windrow they went, the stern flung high in air, and Abner rolling almost under the thwart, while the bow spanked down upon the outer slant with a blow that made the bottom boards hum.

Like an enraged giant the old keeper bent to his oars, striving to conquer those first breakers and get into deeper water. The veins stood out on his forehead, and the ash looms bent as they strained against the oaken pins. Abner still sprawled at his feet, too awed to move. Breaker after breaker they passed, before the ridges softened into rounded, watery hillocks.

Then for a moment Captain Pete paused, long enough to say, between short breaths, "Now, little man, try an' get onto the th'ort."

The lighter oars were soon in the lad's hands, and the course was shaped diagonally to that of the oncoming waves. Abner pulled next the stern, as that was the only place in the great boat narrow enough for him to handle the oars. He almost thought he enjoyed it, as he saw the brave old boat outside the flying coursers. How the mighty strokes behind him thrilled the craft! The dory knew, and, like a horse of pedigree, she honored her master. They gained upon the floating mass, which looked like a small raft. And, behold, a woman was lashed in the center.

But now, as she drifted inshore, it would become necessary to pull more nearly parallel to the waves, always difficult in a seaway. They dared not risk the time to pull well up into the wind, for their flotsam would be carried past into the bay, its occupant by that time frozen, if, indeed, there was life even now. No, they must pull straight for it. A strong stroke sent the dory nearer into the trough.

TEN minutes later, out past the southern point of the Body, a big motor fishing boat forced her way heavily out to sea. At the wheel stood the tall, black-bearded figure of her owner, Jake Spofford. Peering over the top of the roomy cabin, crouched Inspector Van Lemp, his heart wild with fear at seeing the steamer wreckage, for on that morning his wife was due in Coalport. Two fishermen sat below in shelter; there was no use for them on the wet and icy deck. "How does the dory come on, Inspector?" asked Jake.

"She's drifting in the trough. The men are played out, and she's just drifting. How they did pull till they reached that raft!"

Ten minutes later, as they ran to windward of the dory, Jake shouted, "I thought 'twas old Bradley's boat, and it is. He's a man yet, if he is seventy! Ahoy there! Ye ain't done for, are ye, Bradley? Here's the new inspector!"

But Captain Bradley spoke no word in reply, as he knelt in the great dory, and in the water that had swashed over her sides,

trying to bring back to life the woman they had taken from the raft. The motorboat was almost touching the dory before the inspector saw the woman's face, and then he uttered a cry of hope, for there he saw the face of his own wife.

Six miles farther north the bulk of the wreckage came ashore, and there many of the passengers and crew had been saved by the lifeboat crew. And, though coast dwellers know of many happenings stranger than fiction, it is still reckoned at Coalport a wonderful thing that the inspector's wife was the only person from the wrecked Omega who was carried to where the inspector happened to be that day.

Next day he left her sitting up in bed and went to investigate the charges against Captain Pete, for official duty must be done, no matter what private feelings may intervene. There was nobody to confront the old keeper, and his carefully kept log quite destroyed the assertion that the light had been neglected.

But there was still the matter of age to be considered, little as the inspector liked the task. He approached the subject warily, for Captain Bradley had not the appearance of feebleness and decay that he had been led to expect.

"As for bein' old," said the captain, humbly, "well, I am old—there's no denyin' that, Mr. Van Lemp. But I do believe I'll be able to take care of the light for a year or two more."

"I'm of the opinion that you'll be able to care for that light as long as I'm inspector on this coast," said Mr. Van Lemp gravely. "A man is as young as his strength and spirit are, Captain Bradley."

He held out his hand to the old keeper and concluded: "Never, while memory lives in me, shall I forget what the heroism of you and yours did yesterday for mine and me."

"Oh, now," said the old captain, much embarrassed, "I didn't take any great risk—I know the dory. She was built in Swampscott. 'Pears to me as if Abner—well, if he wasn't my grandson, I don't know but I'd say he showed pretty good grit for a boy."

Beginning Next Week

New and Stirring Serial of Adventure

"SHIP OF DREAMS"

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

The popular author of "Silver Shoal Light," "The Fortunes of the Indies," "Garth, Able Seaman," and other novels and stories, will begin her newest serial for Companion readers.

It was early in the spring, two weeks before the so-called "April Hours"—a series of minor examinations lasting one hour each, intended to test the students on the work they had been doing since the big midyear examinations. The freshman crew had just elected Johnny Andrews captain. The first crew race came one week after the examinations—on the first Saturday in May.

Johnny Andrews's crew already showed great promise. In short "tiffs" they usually had beaten the varsity, although on longer stretches the varsity easily outdistanced them.

THIS particular crew had one big worry. Their stroke man, Hal Perkins, was a big, square-shouldered hulk of a fellow with the lightest light blue eyes and a big face that looked as featureless as a football. The better the boat slipped through the water between strokes on those chilly April afternoons the more the freshman crew and their coach worried, for Hal, though a brilliant oar, was a terrible fizzle as a student. His weekly marks in History and in English since January had been a disgrace. Apparently, the harder he worked the poorer were the results. From a liberal allowance, supplied by a prosperous father engaged in the wholesale fish business, he had for the last three months been paying big sums to certain private tutors. These men accepted the money, outwardly confident; inwardly they groaned with despair.

Nobody believed Hal could pass the Hours, except himself, and he had never been known to fail in an examination without exhibiting the most genuine surprise and indignation. On the other hand, the

Self-Starter

By BARKLIE HENRY

Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN

the vaguest idea that he would ever be elected captain of the freshman crew. He was just a stocky, good-looking, tow-headed, tanned young man, not very sure of himself, and not knowing many of the boys. He used to drop into Herb's room at night and talk things over before going to bed.

He picked up with Herb just because Herb was so insignificant. Lots of freshmen put on airs and pretend to be more important than they are and to have more friends than they really have. Andrews felt shy with these high-hatters. He didn't feel a bit shy with Herb, who looked pleased when spoken to.

In four weeks Andrews found himself playing on the freshman football team at tackle, and he was therefore rather famous already. Men whose last names he did not know began to call him "Johnny." Somebody was always dropping into his room. When he wasn't in, they would bellow for him in loud, boisterous tones. He had made a place for himself in the class.

As for Herb, no such luck. He plugged away at his studies and did far better than the average. But B's and B+'s don't make you famous. Now and then Herb got to know somebody well enough to drop into the man's room. But the men he called on were not half so important as the men who called on

Johnny Andrews. You could tell that by looking them over. Most of Herb's friends were short, like himself, and most of them seemed to have bad complexions, as if they worked too late and ate quick lunches—as indeed many of them did.

Johnny Andrews must have been a pretty good sort of fellow, because when he found himself popular he didn't forget all about Herb and leave him out in the cold. He saw just as much of Herb as ever and frequently insisted on Herb's coming into his room when the important men of the class were sitting round "gassing." On these occasions, Herb would get himself as far out of sight as possible and scarcely say a word. When he did say anything, they always looked at him in a way that made him feel as if he were a small but interesting zoological specimen. Herb never for a moment held this against them. Being short for his age, and always having been so, he had long since become accustomed to playing the rôle of mouse in a world of elephants.

The difference between Herb and most mice, however, was that Herb aspired to know the elephants. He didn't thrust himself forward, of course. He never squeaked when the elephants had their big feet raised over his head. But he waited patiently for the day when the elephants would turn to him. And the day came when they did turn.

MAYBE you remember the famous oarsman who was so small they called him "theshrimp in the shell."

This is the story of Shrimp's start in our college—how he broke through—the first thing he did that made people take notice of him. It is again a story about how a small man made good.

He didn't do it like story-book boys, by rushing out from the grandstand in the middle of the Yale football game, grabbing the ball from the Yale captain, and running for a touchdown. He didn't do it by leading a cow upstairs into the faculty meeting room. He didn't do it by beating up the town bully, because there was no town bully, and if there had been Herb would have been the first fellow to get it in the jaw. In short, he didn't do it in any of those sensational ways featured in the fairy stories about college life which often find their way into print.

And yet his stunt certainly sounds like a fairy story. Well, truth is a whole lot stranger than fairy stories, and I can't help that.

When Shrimp Winkle, christened Herbert, arrived at college in the fall of his freshman year, he literally didn't know a single undergraduate. If you had been told to select from that big mob of six hundred or so freshmen the most insignificant, the most unlikely to succeed, Herb would have been among your first selections.

Luck played a part in Herb's rise. Herb happened to be assigned to a room in his dormitory two doors away from Johnny Andrews, the fellow who was later captain of the freshman crew. When Andrews (he is now selling paper towels in western Pennsylvania) arrived at college, he didn't have

freshman crew squad had no other stroke nearly as good as Hal.

Herb had seen Perkins several times in Johnny's room. Taking this as probable cause for Perkins to remember him when he saw him round, Herb nodded at him when they passed each other, walking through the college yard between classes. Twice Perkins did not even notice that Herb was passing him. The third time, he glared at Herb in what Herb felt sure was meant to be a disagreeable way and muttered what sounded like "Oomp!" Herb was sure Perkins had taken a dislike to him.

Now, as a matter of fact, Hal Perkins had not intended to be disagreeable at all. He was simply incapable of remembering faces and names, and he had had no more idea than the man in the moon where he had seen Herb before. He was just a big, slumberous, rather self-engrossed "athloot," who didn't see any point in taking trouble to speak to men he didn't know, and probably never would know.

But Hal Perkins got introduced to Herb Winkle at last in a way he never forgot.

It was on one of those evenings in Johnny Andrews's room, when most of the freshman crew and Herb were sitting round after supper and airing their views.

Suddenly Johnny said out of a clear sky: "Are you really going to flunk, Hal, the way everybody says you are?"

Hal colored and mumbled that he allowed he was working hard enough to get through fifty exams.

The crowd didn't laugh, for once. The thing was getting serious. Without Hal to stroke them in that first race, they were done for. They were beginning to feel that,

"But are you really going to pass?"

"If you want to know, I'm not a bit sure I am. It's got me scared."

Then they all went over again what they had gone over many times already. Hal's tutors were the best. Hal's courses were the easiest possible for a freshman to take. Hal spent all his spare time working.

On a whim, Johnny called to Herb, hidden in the dark recesses of the room over by the window: "What do you think?"

They all looked at Herb. It suddenly struck Herb that this was his chance to be heard from.

"I think," he said, "that, given an absolutely free hand, I can get Perkins through the Hours."

Slowly Perkins bent forward from his reclining position on the sofa. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Herbert Winkle," said Herb, never once having dreamed that Perkins didn't even know his name.

"What tutoring school are you from?" asked Perkins.

"Tutoring school? I'm not in the tutoring business."

"Wake up, Hal," said Johnny. "He's one of your classmates."

"That's funny," said Perkins; "I never saw him before."

"That is funny," said Herb.

"Well, thank you very much for your offer," muttered Perkins, "but I guess you can't be very useful to me. I've got one of the best tutoring schools in town to coach me up."

"Guess I better withdraw the offer," Herb said.

"Oh, come on, Shrimp," said one of the men.

That was the first time anyone had ever called Herb Winkle "Shrimp." It was not a superlatively flattering nickname, but the tone of the man's voice as he said it, and the circumstances of the moment, made Herb feel curiously satisfied. The name stuck to Herb for a lifetime. Shrimp he was, and Shrimp he was to remain.

"Sure," added Andrews. "You can't withdraw the offer until you tell us what it is." "Well, what is your offer?" It was Perkins who grudgingly asked. Maybe this kid could get him through somehow.

Herb looked him square in the face. "It's this," he said, "that Perkins does everything I ask him to until his last Hour exam is over."

"That's reasonable," said Johnny. "And whenever he refuses to do what I ask him to do I have the right to kick him with my foot—"

Perkins grunted and glowered.

"And," concluded Shrimp, "he shall have no right during the period discussed to hit me, or attack me, no matter how great he considers the provocation to be. There's one thing more," he added. "I give my word of honor not to bother Perkins in any way that does not have direct bearing upon his success in the Hour examinations."

"Well you can count me out," Hal Perkins said. "You don't catch me in any crazy nonsense like that—not by a long shot."

"Oh, come off, Hal. Are you a sport, or are you not a sport?" laughed Johnny Andrews. "Of course, we all know how fine your spirit is, and all that. We know you don't want to desert the crew. All your old tutors don't seem to be doing much good—you said so yourself. Why not let Shrimp help you?"

"All right," mumbled Hal. "I'll let him help me, only provided I don't have to do what he tells me to or get kicked. That's asking too much, you know."

But Herb understood that by no ordinary means could he make big Perkins really learn anything. "I wouldn't think of it," Herb insisted, "unless you stick by the terms."

Sensing that his crew mates were on Herb's side, Perkins said, in a fit of impatience, as if to get Shrimp out of the room, "Oh, all right, have it your own way."

"Make him swear," insisted Shrimp.

So Johnny Andrews made Perkins swear that he would maintain the terms of the agreement. When the transaction was concluded, Perkins stood up and stretched lazily. "That's over," he said, "guess I'll go to my room and do some work. Good-night, everybody."

"I'm coming with you," said Shrimp quietly.

Perkins stared down at Shrimp as if he could not believe his ears. Then, remembering his promise of a moment ago, said, "Come ahead then, you!" and gave him one of the most disagreeable looks Shrimp had ever received.

SHRIMP remained in Hal's room for just under two hours. He came out smiling mysteriously and stopped in Andrews's room on his way to bed. "Thank you ever so much, Johnny," he said. "It's a great chance you gave me. He's going to be able to pass the Hours almost without doubt."

Johnny stared. "How?" he said. "What's the system?"

"For one thing," said Shrimp, "nobody's taken the trouble to wake him up before they started working on him."

"How did you do that?"

"Well," said Shrimp, "last week he was supposed to know the Presidents of the United States through Andrew Johnson, and he couldn't say 'em further than Madison. So I took ten minutes off to teach him

isn't the neatest I ever heard of," he cried.

"And once you learn it, you never forget it," added Shrimp.

"What happened next?"

"I asked him the date of the battle of Bull Run," said Shrimp. "He didn't know it, although goodness knows that's one of the things anybody who's taken the course up to now ought to know."

"What did you do about that?"

Shrimp drew a long sigh. "I was awful sorry to do it," he said in a low voice, but I had to kick him and tell him that if he didn't know it tomorrow the treatment would be repeated."

Andrews whistled.

"You really kicked Hal?" he gasped incredulously.

"That was the agreement," said Shrimp.

"Wasn't it?"

"Why, yes, I guess so. But—"

"He was really mighty nice about it," said Shrimp; "he said he was letting me do it for the good of the crew, and all that. Don't tell anybody, will you?"

"No, I won't."

It was not at all the same discouraged young man by the name of Winkle who retired to his room that night. It was a new Winkle—no longer merely prosaic "Herbert," but "Shrimp," a name filled with an importance all its own.

PERKINS always said afterwards that in some ways those next two weeks were the most unpleasant he had ever experienced in his whole life. It seemed to him that he never had a moment that he could call his own. Prompt at six every morning Shrimp would pound on his door, and yell: "Time to get up! I'll be back in half an hour." Then would follow two hours of intensive tutoring before breakfast.

Perkins's usual manner of "working hard" was to lean back with a book in front of him and stare hard at the printed words, cherishing the hope that, if he stared hard enough, the words would somehow manage to burn themselves into his brain. They never did.

Under Shrimp's supervision, he was never allowed a moment to dream. As soon as Shrimp saw those blue eyes so much as flutter towards the ceiling and towards happy thoughts of future races won, and fair hearts captured, Shrimp would say: "One more of those, Hal, and you've got to bend over and take your punishment."

One day the Shrimp was putting Hal through his paces in the freshman course on

for fifteen long minutes, studying the famous lines:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.

At last he groaned and, in the manner of strong men, hurled the volume fiercely across the room. It caromed off his desk to the floor and lay face down. Perkins stared at it a few minutes in deep thought and finally picked it up. Then, after looking at his watch to make sure that he still had forty-five minutes of grace, he tiptoed across the room to his couch, turned on the light over his head, propped the book on a cushion placed on his chest, and again tackled the immortal Wordsworth.

"Our birth—a sleep and a forgetting," he mumbled drowsily, "sleep and a forgetting. Something about a soul and a star. Our birth is but a forgetting and a sleep, or is it sleep and forgetting?"

By the time the clock in the quadrangle boomed the hour, Hal Perkins's book had fallen off its perch to the floor, and he was peacefully snoring. Just then a knock sounded at the door. Hal started up abruptly, but not before the terrible Shrimp had caught sight of him on the sofa.

"Well," said Shrimp. "I'm sorry, Hal. You know the rules. No sleeping while you work! Time's short."

"Whassamatter?" Hal was still sleepy and rubbed his eyes.

"Bend over," said Shrimp abruptly; "we'll get it through with before we go on."

"Don't be a fool! You've got no grounds to kick me."

"You promised."

So the big boy bent over, and Shrimp did his dreadful work.

Hal, for all his stolid stoicism, was heard to mutter something that sounded like "Ouch!"

And by the next night, Hal Perkins had learned the whole stanza. This is just one example of how the Shrimp conducted his campaign.

As a matter of fact, Perkins so dreaded the ignominy of having to let a man as small as Shrimp kick him that he actually had to be kicked only about six or seven times during the whole two weeks.

Naturally he resented the scheme bitterly. The other men, however, saw that it was working better than they had imagined in their fondest hopes, so they insisted on Perkins standing to the letter of the agreement and told Shrimp that, if there were any violations reported, they would each and every one take it upon themselves to administer the punishment wholesale. Also the Old Man, as they called the crew coach, was informed of the proceedings, and he backed up Herb to the limit.

The following week, in the weekly classroom test, Perkins surprised everybody except Shrimp (and not the least surprised person was Perkins himself) by winning a grade of 80 per cent—the highest mark he had achieved in History I all year.

That night after supper, Hal said to the ever-present Shrimp: "Well, old man, you did a good job. Thanks for your trouble. I'm off to the movies tonight to celebrate. It's a Buster Keaton comedy."

"Movies?" said Shrimp. "Movies? Who said anything about going to the movies? Tonight's the night we are going to review the campaigns of the Revolution. You honestly can't afford to let up a minute."

Hal shrugged his shoulders pessimistically. "From your point of view that may be true, Shrimp. But you don't know anything about crew training. Now, if I don't get a lot more rest than I've got all this last week, I'll be stale in no time. In training seasons, I've always had to be very careful of that psychological side, you know."

Shrimp whistled. "Psychological hokum! I'm sorry," he added, "but you can't go to the movies, Hal."

At that moment, big Hal's temper, crushed and maltreated for a whole week, rose up and flared like a great flame.

"You—you—" Words almost failed him. "Think you can bully me, do you? Think you can treat me like dirt, do you? Nobody's ever done anything like this to me before, Mister Shrimp Winkle, and you're not going to any more."

There was a strange light in Hal's pale blue eyes. They were alone in Hal's room. Shrimp instinctively dodged behind a table and put his guard up.

Seeing this, the big stroke shouted, "Try to hit me would you, you little stiff!" and lunged at Shrimp, trying to grab him by the



"I think," he said, "that, given an absolutely free hand, I can get Perkins through the Hours."

that one little point. He can now remember 'em in ten seconds."

"How?"

"Listen!" Shrimp drew a long breath, and recited what sounded like a first lesson in Czechoslovakian: "Washadjeff, Madmonad, Javanharr, Typota, Fillpibuch, and Linkjohn."

"I don't get it."

"Don't you see, you take the first syllables of their names, and combine those syllables into words. For example, 'Washadjeff' means Washington, Adams, and Jefferson. 'Madmonad' means Madison, Monroe, and Adams, and so on. It's easy when you know how, Johnny."

Andrews laughed long and loud. "If that

English literature. There were several passages from famous poems that were assigned to be learned by heart.

The Shrimp said: "Now, if we go at these hard, you can learn the whole lot in two nights. We haven't much time to waste on them. Let's take the first. It's the fifth stanza of Wordsworth's Poem on 'Intimations of Immortality.' It's nineteen lines, and they rhyme, so it ought to be easy. If you work hard, you can get most of it in an hour. Now, I'm going to leave you, and do some economics in my own room. I'll be back in an hour to hear you on it. If you just concentrate hard on nothing else for an hour, you'll have it easy. So long."

When Shrimp had gone, Hal Perkins sat

collar. Shrimp ducked and backed away. "Lemme go!" he shouted, and before Perkins knew what was happening he and Shrimp were again on opposite sides of the table.

They capered around the table about three times, but Perkins did not succeed in getting hold of the elusive Shrimp. Finally, Perkins with a savage growl leaped on the table and tried to jump down on top of Shrimp. But Shrimp was too quick. He ducked under the table, instead of retreating as Perkins had expected, and just as Perkins was leaping across he gave the table a tremendous heave from underneath. It tipped and crashed. Perkins took a header for the floor, and landed head first against the leg of the sofa.

"Had enough Buster Keaton comedy?" shouted Shrimp.

But Perkins did not move for several seconds. "Holy smoke," he said at last, "you almost killed me. Can't you rough-house with a fellow without getting sore?"

Shrimp was too excited to laugh. Shakily, he said: "Call it quits, Hal. Let's get down to work. That was good fun while it lasted."

Shrimp's knowledge of human nature saved him from further combat. He knew perfectly well that, if Perkins thought

Shrimp thought that the battle was intended as anything but a friendly rough-house, Perkins would never forgive him. Perkins was big, remember, and when a small man beats up a big man the only polite thing for the small man to do is to apologize, or to pretend that the big man was only fooling.

BUT Shrimp had won another moral victory. History I was Perkins's first "Hour" exam, and it came on Friday. All the days preceding, however, Shrimp insisted on Perkins's reviewing extensively in his other subjects. He did not want his pupil to pass History I and flunk the others.

Shrimp had a lot of trouble teaching dates to Perkins. He tried the old plan of allotting consonant sounds to each digit from 1 to 0, and thus constructing words, using any vowels that made them stick. But they wouldn't stick. Yet Perkins, as Shrimp found by accident, had no trouble at all in remembering phone numbers.

"All right, then," said Shrimp. "Hastings 1066 is the phone number of William the Conqueror. If you want George Washington, call Yorktown 1781. Sarajevo 1914 might fix the World War in your mind; if you want to know when it ended, call Pershing 1918."

Perkins grinned. "Those aren't dates I need to know," he said, "but I get the idea. Dates

and phone numbers go together a whole lot."

"Do they?" asked Shrimp innocently. So, making as much fun for his pupil as he could, and still cramming him full of learning, Shrimp saw the end of his period of tutorship only a few days off.

Thursday night came, the night before the History exam. Shrimp and Perkins had put in a hard two hours that afternoon. After supper, Perkins, chastened and humble, said to Shrimp:

"I guess we'd better use tonight to go over the important compromises, and the biographies of the important men, don't you think, Shrimp?"

"Not on your life. You're going to the movies, me lad!"

"You want me to flunk? This is the one night I can't go to the movies. I never do well on exams unless I review all the stuff the night before."

"Is that how you get all your A's and B's?" inquired Shrimp innocently—for by this time he had come to know Mr. Perkins pretty intimately. "If you don't promise to go with some of your gang to the best movie in town—well, stand up, Hal, and take your punishment like a man!"

Perkins stood up, but not to take any punishment. He went downstairs, grinning sheepishly like a happy child, and out to

the movies, with two of his crew mates.

Of course you think you know what happened in the exam next day; and you are absolutely right. Under such persistent drilling, how could Perkins possibly fail? His mark for that History exam was B plus. What the tutors, with their doses of learning concentrated into two or three agonizing hours, had failed to do, Shrimp had succeeded in doing: he had taught Perkins how to work hard, and how to think as he worked.

Perkins heard the results of the exam the following Wednesday, three days before the first race of the season.

"Shrimp," he said, "I never knew anybody could really be a skunk until I spent these last two weeks in your undivided company. Of all the mean, rotten low-down wharf-rats I ever had the pleasure of playing with you're the worst! Sooner than live through two more weeks like that, I'd eat dirt till I died. I hope you live in misery and die in jail. You've ruined my good time, and turned me into a greasy grind, and a high-brow. You've ruined my marvelous brain for life in the first race by breaking my head on that sofa leg, and you've left me a wreck. But in spite of these little things, Shrimp, you're a good guy, and I like you! Shake!"

And that's the story of how the famous Shrimp Winkle got himself a start in college.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS. CHAPTER 6

I MUST have been dreaming last night," said Sally as she and Lois were dressing for breakfast next morning. "I mean, dreaming before I went to bed! Else how could I have imagined that a bracelet and a ring were missing from the Reynolds picture in the parlor?"

"It does seem as if you were, Sally," her chum agreed. "I'd forget all about it if I were you. It was just an"—Lois groped for a word she had heard recently and brought it out proudly—"hallucination!"

Rather to Lois' disappointment, Sally knew what the word meant and admitted that it must be so, though she was not entirely convinced in her own mind that she had been mistaken. The breakfast bell rang, and the girls went downstairs to mingle with the rest of the household in the lower hall, say their good-mornings, and follow into the breakfast room. It was a big tableful of people that gathered there for the pleasant morning meal, but nobody minded being crowded, and the heaping platters of food, smoking hot, promised satisfaction for the keenest appetite. Sally and Lois and Larry were so closely jammed together that they knocked over each other's water glasses and jarred the food off each other's forks, as their elbows collided, but they thought it fun.

"Do you know I'm the only person at this table whose name doesn't begin with O," remarked Lois. "Even yours begins with O, Larry!"

"Uh, huh, isn't it sad?" he sighed. "I can't ever marry Sally. 'Change the name and not the letter, change for worse and not for better.' I couldn't let her do that, you know!"

"I should say I would change for the worse if I married you!" Sally put in, scandalized. "But you are wrong, Lois, in saying you are the only one here whose name doesn't begin with O. I have two aunts here who 'changed for better' when they married."

"They belong to the Orme clan just the same," insisted Lois.

Of those gathered around the table that morning everybody was in good spirits except Sally's young lady cousin, Eugenia, who was frankly sulky. And Isabel and the other debutante cousin, Ruth, were as candidly mirthful as Eugenia was dour, so that there seemed to be some connection between the emotions expressed. Nor was it long before the bad humor of one young lady and the merriment of the other two attracted the attention of the older members of the family.

"Whatever is the matter with you girls?" asked Grandmother Orme disapprovingly. "What's the matter with you, Eugenia? I don't like to see a girl pouting at the breakfast table."

Eugenia did not speak, but Isabel answered for her.

"She's mad at her dear little sister Winnie for telling tales out of school," was the explanation. "Little sisters can be awfully aggravating, can't they, Eugenia?" said Isabel with a giggle that was anything but sympathetic.

"What has Winnie been telling?" asked Winnie's mother in an uneasy tone.

"Oh, merely that Eugenia washes her hair

in some kind of copper-colored stuff to make it look like our great-great-grandmother's," Isabel answered demurely. "You know she has always claimed to have hair like the picture's, even if she didn't resemble it in any other way; and now Winnie upsets the soup by telling how that happens."

Everybody laughed, even Mrs. Winifred Orme, but you felt that little eight-year-old Winnie was going to hear more of this matter from her mother before the day was done. And as for Eugenia, no wonder she was too provoked to eat! To yearn with all one's heart to look like a famous ancestress whom a great artist admired so much that he asked to paint her, and then to be denied even the slight consolation of tinting one's hair the same color, was surely hard to bear. But the hardest thing to bear was the hilarity of her cousins who had the same yearning without ever having tried to gratify it by artifice.

"No one can accuse me of dyeing my eyes,"



Sally was eager to turn the conversation in the direction she wanted it to go and thought this would be a good opportunity

spoke up Ruth Orme with satisfaction, "and they are the very same color as those in the portrait."

"I've never noticed it," Isabel protested, quite as ready to take issue with one cousin as the other. "I never saw anybody's eyes the color of that picture's. Our ancestress seems to have had the real thing in violet orbs, the sort you read about but never see!"

"Do you think you resemble the picture-lady in any way, Issy?" asked one of the jovial uncles at the table.

"I don't just think; I know I've got a mouth and chin like her's," was Isabel's sweet-toned reply.

"I have never noticed that," spoke up Ruth, just as sweetly. "Have you, Eugenia?"

"Never have!" admitted Eugenia, coming out of her sulks to smile at the very idea.

"Come, come, girls!" reproved the hostess. "None of you looks like that portrait, and

you might as well admit it and be satisfied to be three pretty girls of a different type. Even if no great artist ever asks to paint your portraits, you can live and die in happiness. Being a beauty is no great matter. It's just an accident."

"Don't say no great artist will ever ask to paint them, Mrs. Orme," put in Larry Oliver. "I'll be delighted to paint their pictures any time they will sit for me."

Again laughter ran around the table. Everybody was used by this time to laughing at Larry. That he might really be able to paint never entered anyone's mind.

Though the older girls—Isabel, Ruth and Eugenia—liked to be entertained by Larry's lively tongue, they left him as a matter of course to the younger ones when breakfast was over and the day's activities began. It was with Lois and Sally that he stood on the front porch a little later looking out across the sun-drenched autumn landscape.

"Where is your fair sister going?" the boy asked Sally as Isabel stepped into the motor car with her father and started off toward town. "She seems to be always going somewhere."

"She nearly always is," Sally admitted. "Issy likes to go."

"Oughtn't she to stay at home today and entertain her cousins?" Lois asked in some surprise.

"I suppose she thinks they can entertain themselves," Sally answered. She spoke cheerfully to hide the uncomfortable feeling in her own breast that her sister really ought to have stayed at home today with the family. Sally had a high opinion of what constitutes true hospitality. Nothing could have induced her to go away and leave a guest. But she was always quick to defend her sister.

"Isabel has so much to do," she explained now. "She has a club meeting this morning and a luncheon at twelve and a matinee party this afternoon. I'm not sure but that she has a dance on tonight too."

"My! Isabel is a belle, isn't she?" commented Larry.

Sally regarded him coldly. "You should say Miss Orme," she rebuked him.

"And where would my clever pun be then, I'd like to know?" he protested.

"It would be killed, as it deserves to be," she retorted.

OF one accord they strolled down the steps and along the walk to the gate and out into the lane which led to the highway. Sally was eager to turn the conversation in the direction she wanted it to go and thought this would be a good opportunity.

"Has everybody made up a story to explain our mysteries?" she asked. "Have you a tale ready, Larry? You remember you promised to surprise us half to death with one?"

The Picture Puzzle

By GLADYS BLAKE

Illustrated by DOUGLAS RYAN

"Yes, but ladies first," Larry insisted. "You and Lois tell your theories, and then I'll tell mine."

"Then you begin, Lois," Sally directed. "Why do people say our Reynolds picture isn't genuine, when we know it is; where did my great-great-grandmother get the gorgeous jewels she was painted in; and what 'sin' did her son Simon commit?"

Lois was quite willing to be first with her theory. She had thought it all over when she ought to have been asleep the night before, and she knew she had concocted the best explanation of which her feeble imagination was capable.

"As to why the picture is believed to be a fake, I can't think of any better answer than that the people who said it didn't know what they were talking about," she began. "Just ordinary 'smart Alexes,' you know!"

"Yes, that's what I think, too," Sally agreed hastily. "We need to have a real expert judge whether it is genuine or not, so we'll let that pass. But what about the jewels and the 'sin'?"

"Well, my idea is that Sir Joshua himself borrowed the jewels for the lady. She was a stranger in London, and it isn't likely she had any rich friends there; but he had many of them in the highest walks of life. If he wanted to sort of spread himself when painting the portrait of an extraordinary beauty, he might have asked some duke or duchess or maybe a princess to lend him some fine gems to hang on the girl. Then of course he returned them. That's my idea of that! But about your great-grandfather's sin, Sally, I won't do any guessing. It wouldn't be polite."

Sally and Larry both laughed at this. "Well, I've got an idea that covers everything," said Sally. "My great-great-grandmother—"

"By the way," interrupted Larry, "didn't she have a name? It's a little awkward to be always calling her your double-great grandmother."

"Her name was Sarah Janet," Sally explained. "I'm named for her. According to the story I made up about her last night, Sarah Janet went to London with her father when she was a young girl, and there they made lots and lots of friends. I don't know what the actual date was, but I'm pretending it was just before the American Revolution. I think maybe Sarah Janet was a Royalist in her sympathies, and that Queen Charlotte (or whoever the Queen of England was at that time) thought she might be a valuable ally to the English cause in the colonies and intrusted some of her jewels to her to use in financing some big scheme to aid the Royalists. There could have been a crown among the valuables, because I've read of many English crowns made for various kings and their wives, and maybe this one looked a little like the one with which Queen Victoria was afterwards crowned. Anyway, the jewels were already in Sarah Janet's possession when Sir Joshua asked to paint her picture, and she just couldn't resist putting them on to be painted in. There was no harm in that, you know! But when she came back to America with the portrait and the jewels something must have happened. Very likely somebody saw

the jewels in her picture and guessed that they were royal gems and by putting two and two together understood how she came by them and what they were to be used for. So a spoke was put in her wheel, and she was never able to accomplish the thing she had promised to bring about. Then—

"Sally, were your ancestors Royalists in the Revolution?" asked Lois, interrupting.

"No, they were patriots. But I'm pretending that Sarah Janet was a Royalist in the beginning. Later she became devoted to the American cause and probably thought it would be unpatriotic to return those jewels to the English queen while the war was going on. People don't pay their debts to their enemies in arms, you know, because they might use the money against the cause they are fighting for. However, I'm sure Sarah Janet meant to give the jewels back some day. She wouldn't have kept Queen Charlotte's gems for herself, I know. But here comes in Simon's part of it! After his mother's death Simon inherited the trust, and he betrayed it. He wouldn't return the jewels to England. Very likely he argued that the jewels which had been sent to America for the purpose of financing trouble in the colonies had been forfeited by the English queen and belonged just as much to him as to anybody else. But somebody who thought differently (his wife, perhaps) called it a sin and scratched it on the picture frame one day when she had been staring at the jewels in the picture of her mother-in-law. That's my theory of the whole mystery."

"But what became of the jewels, Sally?" asked Lois, fascinated by her chum's amazing invention. "If the Queen of England never got them back, what did Simon do with them?"

"I don't pretend to know what he did with them," said Sally with a wave of her hand that expressed entire indifference to the fate of the royal gems. "Maybe he gave them to the Confederacy at the time of our Civil War. Or maybe he sold them. Maybe that's how he got rich. It's all one so far as my story is concerned. Now, Larry, it is your turn!"

But Larry didn't play fair.

"After listening to your romance, Sally, my tale becomes so pitifully tame that I'm ashamed to relate it just now," he hedged. "Some other day I'll give my version of the mystery."

"I thought my tale would surprise you," he explained, "but after listening to Sally's I realize that it would fall so flat a pancake would look mountainous beside it. I pass."

"Sally," said Lois, "did you make that story up out of your own head, or did you sort of piece it together from old diaries and letters and other papers in your family's possession?"

"I made it all up out of my own head," laughed Sally.

But, though Sally had never been known to tell a falsehood in her life, Lois couldn't help wondering if she were telling the strict truth this time!

The three of them had now reached the top of the lane where it emerged into the broad pike, on one side of which the car

track ran, and Larry smiled broadly as he stood there.

"Well, here it is at last!" he exclaimed.

"Here what is?" questioned the girls.

"The car line. I hardly supposed when I lost myself on a walk one afternoon in late September and tried to find my way back to the car that it would be more than two weeks before I got there."

"And it may be a full month before the car that takes you back to the city comes by," added Sally.

"Oh, no, not that long. I'm leaving here Monday morning. I'm so much better now that I can't impose on your hospitality any further."

Sally was conscious of a sinking of the heart. She really hated to have him go.

"Aren't you going to tell us anything about yourself before you leave?" she asked reproachfully.

"Why, what is there to tell that you don't know?" he laughingly protested. "You know my name, and that I came here from New York, and that I was lost in the storm the night I impatiently burst in at your front door and received your grandmother's bullet in my shoulder. I don't see how anyone could desire a more detailed sketch of my life than that."

Sally could not see where there were any details at all in this sketch, but she refrained from saying so. She walked in silence between him and Lois under the arching trees above the lane, and she was remembering incidents to which he had not referred—the conductor's story of having directed him to the Orme house at his request and the peculiar things he had said in his delirium. These details made the lack of details in his own story the more glaring.

They had turned back toward the house now, as Larry was not strong enough to take a long walk, and as they retraced their steps down the lane they met group after group of other members of the house party also taking a morning stroll. Grandmother Orme passed them in company with a pretty, bobbed-haired young woman after whom Larry looked in amusement.

"Was that Miss Ruth or Miss Eugenia?" he asked Sally. "I can't tell them apart."

"Do you really think they look alike?" asked Sally in surprise.

"I think your two cousins and your sister Isabel look as much alike as a set of books in the same binding," he laughed. "Their hair is cut alike, their faces powdered and painted alike, their clothes made alike, and as everything they say is alike I imagine everything they think is alike too. But you, Sally, have some individuality. Nobody would ever fail to recognize you."

"I should say not, I'm so ugly," grinned Sally.

Larry showed indignation. "Anybody who says you are ugly has me to fight," he vowed.

"Then you'll have to fight my whole family, for it is generally admitted that while I'm nice I'm homely."

At the gate the trio became a trio no longer, for Larry was called to join another group, and Sally and Lois went on into the



The two girls stood there, wide-eyed, staring at that other girl in the picture

house. At the door of the parlor they paused instinctively.

"I wish I could shake off that feeling that a bracelet and a ring are missing from the jewels on our picture," said Sally. "But I was so sure there were two bracelets on the right arm and a big emerald ring on the left hand that I feel really queer when I think about it."

"Well, one thing is certain," Lois assured her, "nothing else can disappear without my knowing it, for I took account last night of every jewel the picture-girl has on. I even numbered the diamonds and emeralds in her necklace."

"Then let's look Sarah Janet over once more and see if she's all right," Sally suggested. "Just to be positive she didn't lose any more gems last night," she added.

THE two girls entered the parlor, which Houston had already cleaned up for the day. There were even fresh flowers in a vase on the mantel, and a fire was laid in the grate, as the weather grew cool toward twilight. Just the right amount of morning sun entered through the neatly arranged windows, and one ray of this gleamed on the golden rim of the picture frame and reflected

a soft glow on the copper-colored hair of the painted beauty, who looked down from the wall with the aloof expression of a mediaeval queen regarding the subjects who did her homage.

"She surely is lovely, isn't she, Lois?" breathed Sally.

"Almost too lovely to believe in, just as the jewels she is wearing are almost too magnificent to be true," Lois laughed. "Now, Sally, from which arm did you think a bracelet was missing?"

"From the right one. I was absolutely positive there were two bracelets there originally, but last night there was only one and—"

"And this morning there isn't any!" Lois cried wildly. "Both bracelets are gone from the right arm and all the rings from the left hand. Sally, what on earth is happening?"

The two girls stood there, wide-eyed, staring at the other girl in the picture. There could be no mistake this time. Though no break appeared in the canvas, no scar on the smoothly painted arms, the jewels the lovely lady wore were being slowly but surely taken away from her. How was it possible? And who was doing it? And why?

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

"YOU'LL have to sing," said Adelaide.

"But what if you can't?" inquired Beth Roberts.

"Oh, but you can; everybody can sing—some," chimed a chorus of voices, Adelaide's leading and continuing, "If you are studying to be a grade teacher, you must learn to conduct classes in singing; that's part of the required work. And Miss Faris is a wonderful teacher—"

"She certainly is," said Mary Jacobs. "She's interested in us as individuals, too. Now, I'm no Galli-Curci—"

"How modest!" exclaimed Adelaide. "Yes, Beth, Miss Faris sees in each new pupil an embryonic—get that word, girls; I don't use it every day,—an embryonic prima donna. So let me tell you, young lady, you may think you can't sing; you may even think you won't sing; but when Miss Faris elevates her left eyebrow you'll suddenly decide you wish to warble."

Beth's rather somber expression deepened. She paid no further attention to the friendly chatter that filled the room, and when addressed she replied absently. Her mind was occupied with the problem she saw facing her. Sing before a class! The girl reddened to the roots of her hair as she saw herself, heard herself, making a fool of herself.

Hadn't the family shrieked with laughter when her brother Holly discovered that

The Girl Who Wouldn't Sing

By MABEL RUGGLES COBB

Illustrated by HAROLD CUE

music was required? Hadn't she been asked by each member of the family, including Mother, just which one of her "selections" she would render for the edification of the Westfeld Normal? Nothing in the whole world would induce her—no living being could command her, Beth decided with hot cheeks—to stand up before a class and make a fool of herself.

In the week that followed Beth was tortured and tormented by thoughts that would not be stifled. What type of pupil is it, she found herself inquiring, that refuses to obey the reasonable demands of a teacher? Why couldn't she try? But at that suggestion something clamped down and bit hard into the girl's soul. She wouldn't try and be laughed at for her pains!

And so an attitude of defiance crept into Beth's manner as she sat in the classroom

and took notes while Miss Faris lectured upon subjects relating to the study of music, and before Monday came—"Blue Monday," which marked the beginning of class work—her defiance had developed into antagonism so pronounced that the teacher was conscious of it, although Beth had not opened her lips since she entered the class.

Monday arrived. Trees dripped, umbrellas dripped. The corridors were chilly and drafty, the classrooms were tomb-like, and the girls' noses were red. Beth entered the music-room just as the gong sounded.

"You look rampageous," murmured Adelaide as she leaned forward to pick a thread from Beth's sleeve. "Manufacturing spunk for your little song?"

Beth nodded. Spunk was the word. She felt full of it, ready for anything. She sat up very straight in her seat with her

eyes fastened upon Miss Faris as the teacher explained the meaning and value of the rote song, the first thing taught in the grades, therefore the first thing to be mastered by the prospective teacher.

"First we will try a little rote singing," said Miss Faris. "I will sing the 'Good Morning' song for you, and then will you, Miss Roberts, please come forward and sing it for us?"

Beth instantly rose and stood in the aisle. "I'm sorry, Miss Faris," she said in a clear, hard voice, "but I cannot sing."

"Oh, you have a cold, I'm afraid," Miss Faris smiled at the girl in the friendliest way imaginable.

Beth shook her head. "I haven't a cold, but I cannot sing. And," she continued, "perhaps I'd better say right now that, if my passing this subject depends upon my singing or not singing before the class, it will be just as well for me to give up the work at once, for I cannot sing."

There was absolute silence in the room as Beth sat down. Miss Faris looked startled for a moment. "Oh," she said after a calm scrutiny of Beth's face, "you—cannot—sing?" Up went the eyebrow, and the faint emphasis conveyed much. "Very well. Will you call at my office tonight at half past four, please? Thank you. Miss Jacobs, will you sing this little song for me?"

Beth sat back in her chair; her cheeks

were flaming. She had dramatized this scene many times in the past few days, but somehow it had not been played through as planned.

She protested fiercely to herself that the occasion demanded whole-hearted frankness, but throughout the day she was painfully aware that her entrance into any of the rooms produced a deadening effect. The girls smiled at her, but nobody mentioned the episode or applauded her spirit.

Nevertheless her spirit persisted through the dreadful length of the day, and her manner was haughty and self-possessed as she entered Miss Faris's office late in the afternoon. She was steeled for battle, but the friendly smile with which the teacher greeted her snapped a link in her armor before she could help herself.

"Please be seated, Miss Roberts. I have a little more writing to do and then we can talk."

BETH sat down, her manner still "toploftical," as Adelaide would have described it. But soon girlish curiosity got the better of her dignity, and she looked about the room with obvious interest. Here was atmosphere, that indefinable air of culture and refinement to which the soul of the girl was sensitive and responsive. She was gravely studying a Japanese print upon the opposite wall when Miss Faris's voice recalled her to herself.

"Now tell me why you think you cannot sing. I believe that your voice is quite unusual. You tell me before a room full of people that you cannot sing! Don't you ever sing at home?"

"No," said Beth; "Helen sings."

"Are there other musicians in your family?"

"They're all musical except me," said Beth. "My brother has always played the piano, my father and mother sing, and my sister's voice is lovely; everybody says so. We live in the country and haven't had many advantages, but my mother has heard some really great singers, and of course she knows—she's a good judge of voices."

"And your mother thinks that you cannot sing?"

"My mother never hears me sing," said Beth sternly.

"But you must sing with the family," pursued the teacher. "A really musical family is always singing."

A baffled look crept into the girl's eyes, and Miss Faris was quick to observe it. "Perhaps you feel you aren't so good as the others," she said.

Beth nodded. Then, moved by this friendly interest and aware of sympathetic understanding, she said with a little twisted smile, "I was laughed at once. I was just a little girl. Helen had been singing, and after she finished I asked mother to play for me; so she started 'Call Me Thine Own,'—it's ancient as the hills,—and—and I sang it. And all at once—why, it was funny of course; there was no sense in minding so, only you see I had thought I could sing, but I happened to look up at Mother, and she was smiling at Father over my head, and Helen just giggled."

"I see," said Miss Faris. "And then you didn't sing any more?"

"I couldn't," said Beth.

"Have you ever thought how much your mother would suffer if she thought that a thoughtless act of hers had darkened your life?"

Beth was silent.

"She didn't deliberately hurt your feelings, dear," continued Miss Faris. "Parents are only human beings who make mistakes. Probably you had no tonal sense at the time, and the effect was—well, not harmonious. You—" Miss Faris stopped in amazement, for Beth burst out laughing.

"Oh, pardon me, Miss Faris, but your 'well, not harmonious' was so funny! Of course it was awful; I know just how I used to sound. No wonder the family shrieked! But if—if it is true that I have—that I can sing," Beth stumbled on, "I could never, never let my people know anything about it."

"And how about the class?" asked Miss Faris.

Beth flushed. "I am sorry I was obstinate," she said slowly. "I suffered over it. If you tell me I need not be ashamed, I shall believe you."

"My dear, you're going to be proud of yourself; we're going to be proud of you. I am sure of it. Now we'll hear what we shall hear." And, rising from her desk, the teacher went over to the piano. "Sing *ah*," she commanded, and Beth sang it.

"Your lower notes are very lovely," said Miss Faris at the close of the trial, "and practice will develop your upper register so that you'll be surprised at your range. Training does wonders with voices."

"I wish I could have lessons," Beth's face, which had been alive and animate, now

Adelaide seated herself comfortably in the low window seat. "I heard numerous dowagers inquiring who you were, where you came from, and so on. Your voice is lovely, Beth," she continued sincerely. "There's a lugubrious note in it; I think you'd squeeze tears from the most hard-hearted heir."

Beth laughed. She was still thrilled by the applause and praise evoked by her appearance the night before at Miss Faris's recital, and the happy-faced girl who had smiled back at her from the mirror that morning bore little resemblance to the somber, almost sullen-faced Beth of the early fall.

"Now you can tell your family, or have you already?" asked Adelaide. "No? Well, when? Somebody from home will be popping in one day, and then what? How's your sister's beau?"

"He's still beaung—quite a violent case. He has a machine, and Helen's having a grand time. But, Adelaide,—the old baffled look crept into Beth's eyes,—"I don't see how I can tell my family about my singing. I can't walk to the piano and say, 'Now hear me sing!' And nobody will ever think to ask me."

"You're funny," said Adelaide frankly. "Why don't you respect yourself. Goodness! I'm thankful I don't have these nuisances—no, nuances is the word—to contend with. Beth!" she suddenly exclaimed. "There's a machine out here. An awfully good-looking fellow is getting out. O dear, there's a girl following! Well, maybe she's nothing more than a sister—why, Beth, she looks a lot like you!"

Beth leaned over the sill and peered out, curiosity, amazement and delight in her features. "It is—why, it's Helen! And, oh, there's Mother! Did you ever? And we were just talking—Where in the world—" She dashed out of the room, pausing on the threshold to whisper to the broadly beaming Adelaide, "If you hint one hint about me, I'll never speak to you again!"

"O DEAR, it's pleasant," was Beth's first thought as she opened her eyes to the blazing sunlight the next morning. "If it rained, perhaps they'd stay over, though. Mother says Tom must be back for Monday. Mother approves of Thomas, I can see that; so does Helen." A wistful smile touched Beth's lips. "Wasn't I smart to choke off Betty Allard when she began about the recital? Wasn't it lucky Miss Faris was in town all day? Why didn't I tell Mother? What ails me? O dear, I'm always in an emotional pickle of some sort! Now, if I had a daughter and she didn't tell me—"

Beth studied the ceiling gravely. "I'll tell them at breakfast, and, let's see, Tom will look politely interested, Helen will be surprised, and Mother—if Mother looks—oh, she would look! I won't do it! I'll never tell!"

With flaming cheeks and eyes that stung with tears of disappointment Beth jumped out of bed and hurriedly dressed.

An hour later in the hotel dining-room her mood softened, and once she actually opened her lips, but she couldn't speak.

"What wonderful musical advantages there are here," said her mother, "that is, if one has a taste for music. Beth, you've never written how you came out in your classroom work. How does it go? It hardly seems fair to require music from those who are not musical." Without waiting for any response, Mrs. Roberts swept on: "I'm having such a good time. Breakfast in a hotel—just think of it! Beth, tell me again who sings in Doctor Bellamy's church. A chorus choir, and Mrs. Whitney, contralto? Oh, yes."

Mrs. Roberts rose with her customary decision. "I think I'll rest until church, dear. You'll sit with us, of course. I wish you could come up to our room, but you say you must help Miss Faris. I want to meet her. Good-by, dear; we'll look for you later."

Beth's expression was not happy when she

confronted Miss Faris ten minutes later. "Oh, Beth!" There was a note of excitement in Miss Faris's voice. "Mr. Wing has just phoned to ask if you will sing in Mrs. Whitney's place this morning. Little Jimmy Whitney fell and broke his arm at eight o'clock. Mr. Wing heard you at the recital Friday evening and was much pleased with your voice. I told him I was sure you could be depended upon to do it. Now you—"

"But I can't!" Beth's lips were white. "I'd do anything for you, Miss Faris; you've been wonderful to me, but I just can't this morning. You see, my family—"

"Suppose you stop thinking about yourself, Beth." There was no sternness in Miss Faris's manner, but there was an arresting quality in her voice. "You have a chance to be of service. I do not believe you are going to fail me."

An hour and a half later Beth sat in Doctor Bellamy's church, not with her family, but up in the choir loft hidden behind ponderous Mr. Bascombe. Her mood had changed to a shrugging acceptance of a situation that, while not lacking bitterness, did possess humor. Poor Mother! Poor Helen! What a blow was in store for them!

The minutes flew by. Doctor Bellamy was noted for lengthy prayers, but to Beth's mind he galloped through his petitions in a scandalously rapid fashion.

Her mind was in a turmoil. She suddenly felt completely alone, with the whole world lined up against her. All her old fears rushed back, and with them the old desire to give up in despair—to creep out of the church and escape from the test which faced her and was looming every second nearer.

But if there was conflict in Beth's heart, nobody suspected it when she stood up to sing. Slowly through the golden-lighted silence came the rich, low voice, a voice carrying the urge and the appeal of maturity as it sang "Oh, Rest in the Lord, And He shall Give Thee the Desires of Thy Heart." Nor was there conflict after a moment or two. Consciousness of power, thankfulness for the gift that was hers, conviction that the audience were one with her—all these things touched the girl's heart; pain fled, and peace took its place.

They were waiting for her outside when service was over, Mother, Helen, Tom, Adelaide and Miss Faris. "Could anything have been more fortunate than your being here this morning?" she heard Miss Faris saying to her mother. "Oh, but you should have heard Beth Friday evening! Beth, you did beautifully! I was proud of you, proud of myself—who wouldn't be? Mrs. Roberts, you must be a wonderful mother to produce such a talented family. Beth has told me about you all. I'll see you after dinner, won't I? Come, Adelaide, we must hurry or we'll be late." And the two darted off.

Helen was the first to speak. "Oh, Beth, you were lovely! And you never told us! I was never so surprised in my life. Won't we have fun singing together?"

Could she herself, Beth wondered as she felt the sincerity and new respect in her sister's voice, have spoken with that same degree of unselfish enthusiasm if she had been in Helen's place? She felt her mother's hand upon her arm.

"You children run along," Mrs. Roberts said to Helen and Tom. "I'll walk up with Beth."

They started slowly along the sidewalk. "Well, did you like me?" Beth heard herself inquiring in a flippant tone. "Probably Adelaide told you how it happened. I was sorry!"

"Sorry!" There was constraint in Mrs. Roberts's voice. "Beth," she said suddenly after a moment's silence, "I've always hoped I'd have time—if I had to break my leg to get it—to sit down and study out your temperament."

"My temperament?" murmured Beth in amazement—an amazement that increased as she saw her mother fumbling with her handkerchief.

"I knew that I'd—that we'd all failed you in some way," said her mother, looking at her unsteadily.

Beth folded her mother's arm within her own as love and understanding flooded her heart.

Mrs. Roberts turned and looked at her daughter. There were tears on her cheeks, but her eyes shone happily. "You know your father and I heard Schumann-Heink sing 'Oh, Rest in the Lord'; let's see, it must have been twenty years ago, but,—of course it wouldn't do for me to say it to anyone except you,—but you sang that almost as well as she did! And I know your father would agree with me."



"Your lower notes are very lovely, and practice will develop your upper register so that you will be surprised with your range. Training does wonders with voices."

IMAGINE for yourself a dragon-like reptile, sometimes ten feet long, with horrid-looking jaws and a forked tongue like a snake's; with scales on its body, and fury in its eye; capable of running with great agility, raised up on its four legs, and so strong that it can break with one heave of its body two steel nets, each of which is heavy enough to withstand the struggles of a captive lion—then you will have some conception of the giant lizards of Komodo.

Until a few years ago, no one knew of their existence, although strange stories of living dragons persisted in the folklore of certain far-away isles of the East Indies. When a scientist from Java reported their existence, few people believed him. The object of our expedition's trip to the East Indies was to capture live specimens of these modern dragons and bring them back to captivity for the first time. Anyone who saw them in the Bronx Zoo in New York last year before they died will testify that the main purpose of the expedition was successful. We brought two of the reptiles alive to New York. I am sorry to say that there are no living specimens now in captivity.

Komodo—Island of Our Dreams

After leaving New York about March 1, one of our first stops was Batavia, which belongs to Holland. Here we got our first impression of the jungle. Even in town, the jungle creeps in and takes possession. The vegetation there is luxuriant beyond belief, and the air is laden with the fragrance of many queer tropical flowers. Ants, lizards, birds, butterflies and snakes are everywhere. The houses are built to let in every particle of air, with rooms like open verandas. We slept there under nets, on beds as hard as boards.

We set sail for the island of our dreams in a 400-ton yacht which the Dutch government was kind enough to lend us. Four bad days followed, culminating in a storm which nearly wrecked us on the fourth night.

On the following day we found ourselves in calm waters, behind coral keys, and we forgot our distress in the beauty that now surrounded us. All round us rose stately cones of age-old volcanoes, purple and gold in the evening light. With glasses we could see wild horses and buffalo on wooded slopes,

and occasionally a big silver fish would jump six feet or more in the air.

The island of Komodo itself was a mass of bare, jagged peaks, as we expected. Indeed, it was a weird and marvelous country—a suitable domicile for modern dragons. The mountains of the moon could not be more wild and precipitous, with nothing but rows of giant palms standing like sentinels against the skyline. We saw many white beaches, which stretched out tantalizingly into the blue translucence of the water, but the thought of the waiting sharks prevented us from enjoying much bathing.

A Weird Jungle-Land

We saw all kinds of the strangest and most marvelous sea life, ranging through all the colors of the rainbow. At sunset we would look over the beach and see thousands of white flags waving beside every stone. One steps closer—the flags disappear. After a few minutes' quiet, they appear again. These were the sunset crabs. They wave their white claws at each other in a thousand miniature battles, and when they are through waving they come together and fight miniature duels all over the beach. Finally the weaker is pursued, cornered, and dragged down his opponent's hole, still gallantly waving his flag.

My fishing was most discouraging, as every time I hooked a big fish, he broke my heaviest line. We finally took to using half-inch Manila rope, with a long chain attached to the hook.

It was very cool in the hut we built, with no sign of mosquitoes. But we caught two scorpions, and the ants were terrible. We tied rags soaked in kerosene around the legs of all the furniture, but then they began dropping down from the ceiling.

We used to rise at dawn and retire at dark. Each morning we were awakened by the cockatoos, and we would dress in the dark to get started before the heat of the day.

One day I went out with Defosse, the veteran big-game hunter who came with us, to

Dragons!

By KATHERINE WHITE BURDEN

hunt buffalo, hoping against hope that we would find none. These animals are probably as dangerous as any in the world, in that they charge on sight, and are difficult to kill. We found evidences of them everywhere, and my breath was coming short when we finally entered a grove where Defosse said a whole herd lived. Nothing daunted, in we went, from the bright outer world into the deepest gloom. Immediately came a crash. Defosse yelled "Drop!" and fired. I looked up to see a herd of about fifty deer go skimming gracefully by. Three of them stopped on an adjoining hillside; so, wriggling on our stomachs to within 150 yards, we each shot one.

We then put one of the carcasses out as bait for the dragons. And here the story of my experience with one of the dragons begins.

The sun was just gilding the tops of the great Gubbong palms when we started off to see if any marauding Varanus had been at our bait during the night. The dew was still heavy under foot, and the myriad liquid sounds of the jungle were once more coming to life. One never becomes used to the rosy wonder of a Malayan dawn, so sudden that the world is bathed in moonlight at one moment and in sunlight the next. Just as sudden is the change in temperature, so that after shivering over our breakfast, wrapped in all our blankets, we shed everything like a cocoon with the coming of the sun and start the day's hunting in the thinnest of clothes, never forgetting our helmets, which alone allow us to survive the terrible strength of the tropical sun.

As we neared the tree to which we had tied our dead deer, Defosse said, "You must always be careful when passing these bamboo thickets, for the buffalo are apt to be resting in their shade during the day, and may charge out upon you." No sooner had the words passed his lips than, with a terrific crashing and a bellow, a great black bull galloped out from the side opposite us and disappeared into the near-by jungle. "Thank God for that!" he said, and we continued on our way with legs that felt strangely like jelly. This same hunter, by the way, was once caught by one of these animals and nearly gored to death. Unfortunately, they are numerous on this island, though not so plentiful as the deer and wild boar, which we see everywhere.

Upon reaching the blind, we saw to our dismay that the bait had been torn completely in half, and the entire hind quarters devoured. Little did we suspect that one Varanus was responsible for all this mischief, and, furthermore, that the whole half of a buck had been swallowed at one gulp. This we discovered later, but I must tell you how. My knees are still weak at the thought!

As there was no animal in sight, we went to look for tracks around the bait. Defosse followed them down a hill on one side, while I looked round the other. Suddenly, something drew my attention to the edge of the jungle on my right, and there, sure enough, was one of the antediluvian monsters we had

come halfway round the world to find. For a moment he stood partly concealed by the leafy jungle, and then, with heaving flanks and ponderous movements, he crawled forth into the light of day. At the same moment I sank motionless into the tall grass, little realizing that I thus had put myself directly in his path to the bait.

A Close Call

As he approached step by step, the great bulk of his body held clear of the ground, the black beady eyes flashing in their deep sockets, I thought of the incredible beasts that

moved through the shades of long ago. He seemed hardly to belong to this world—more fitting, I thought, that he should have crawled up from the unthinkable solitudes of some bottomless gulch of the Inferno. A hoary customer, he was black as dead lava, as old as time itself, his very aspect speaking of indefinite existence.

Occasionally, when he stopped and raised himself on those iron forelegs to look around, I could observe the blistered battle-scars and indentations of his bony armor. Then, as he drew nearer, I suddenly realized my predicament. My gun was propped against the blind, where I had foolishly left it a few moments earlier. Defosse was out of sight, and the great reptile was continuing straight towards me. Should I jump up and run, thus losing the largest lizard we had seen, or should I lie without moving, on the chance that Defosse would come back in time to shoot



W. Douglas Burden, leader of the expedition



A tame Malayan turtle dove



Two girls of Bali, dancing in native costume



Mrs. Burden, author of this article, with a young giant lizard which she shot. Note the monster's long forked tongue, like a snake's except longer

him, or that he would change his course and pass me by unheeded?

Nearer he came, and nearer, this shaggy creature, with grim head swinging heavily from side to side. I remembered all the fantastic stories we had heard of these monsters attacking both men and horses and was in no wise reassured. Now, listening to the short hissing that came like the gust of an evil wind, and observing the actions of that darting, snake-like tongue, which seemed to sense the very fear that held me, I was affected in a manner not easy to relate.

The creature was now less than five yards away, and that subtle reptilian smell was in my nostrils. It was too late to leap from hiding, for he would surely spring upon me, so I closed my eyes and waited.

Then I opened them in time to see Defosse's head appearing over the hill. The next instant there was a flash, and a bullet buried itself in the great monster's neck. Like lightning he whirled and crashed toward the jungle, but once more the rifle did its work.

Later, upon measuring him, the length did not reach quite ten feet, but he must have weighed three hundred pounds, and in his stomach we found the whole hind quarters of our deer.

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Published by

PERRY MASON COMPANY

Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H.
Editorial and General Offices, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

FACT AND COMMENT

A LITTLE dose of trouble, now and then, makes a man value any good luck that comes to him. A good hard summer shower ain't pleasant, but when the warm sun shines out afterwards, the corn begins to grow thriftily and fill out the ears.—Caleb Peaslee.

AS THE GIANT-CRACKER and the toy-pistol fade as menaces to life and limb during our celebration of the nation's birthday, the accelerator and the steering wheel seem on the way to taking their places. Life after all is only one thing after another.

THE GOVERNMENT AT MOSCOW is officially deeply shocked and outraged because it is quite sure that Great Britain is trying to arouse the world against the soviet system in Russia. When one considers that Moscow has been practicing and laboring for a world revolution for ten years, it is borne in on one afresh that it makes a lot of difference whose ox is being gored.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has been married off—by the gossips—to nearly every pretty young princess of Europe. So far he has proved too canny a bird to catch; it has even been reported that he has said he would never marry. But the gossips are undiscouraged. Princess Ingrid Margaret, daughter of the Crown Prince of Sweden is now the lady whom they have picked out as the future Queen of Great Britain.

LANGLEY THE PIONEER

WHILE the airmen are sweeping back and forth across the oceans, performing almost daily feats that only a little while ago seemed incredible, and while admiring mankind is saluting these intrepid young men as the authentic heroes of an age that has until lately been rather barren of the heroic, it is timely to recall the man who was the real pioneer of aviation; the man to whose original work all the triumphs of flying in heavier-than-air machines can be traced.

Samuel Pierpont Langley, born in 1834 in part of what is now the city of Boston, was a born scientist, a mathematician, physicist and astronomer. He taught for a time at the Naval Academy, was long director of the observatory at Pittsburgh and for twenty years secretary of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. He was the founder of the Astrophysical Observatory at the national capital and was famous as an astronomer before he turned his attention to solving the problem of flying. As early as 1896 he built a model aeroplane, steam-driven, which actually accomplished a sustained flight.

In spite of this initial success Langley found the greatest difficulty in getting any financial support for his work. Almost no one had any faith in flying as a practical thing; Langley was laughed at far and wide as a visionary and a fanatic. At last he got enough money from Congress to build a full-sized plane. His machine embodied all the essential principles of motive power and structural design that modern planes employ. It was given a test on the banks of the Potomac in 1903. As it slid down the runway that had been built to give it initial speed, it tripped on a projecting part of the runway, lost headway and toppled off the edge into the river. A chorus of derisive laughter went up from the public. Langley was compared to the unhappy Darius Green of Trowbridge's amusing verses. Flying, everyone knew, was impossible. Langley could get no more money from Congress or any other source. He died a

few years later, heartbroken over his failure to prove to the world the correctness of his principles and the practicability of mechanical flight.

But before he died, the Wright brothers and certain European inventors had shown that aeroplanes could maintain themselves in the air and travel in whatever direction the pilot pleased. In 1914 Langley's own plane, which had crashed so disastrously eleven years earlier, was repaired and successfully flown by Glenn Curtiss at his home in Hammondsport, N. Y. This real pioneer in the art of flying met with nothing but disappointment and misjudgment during his lifetime. The only reparation the world can make is to recognize cheerfully the fundamental and original services he rendered to man's conquest of the air.

DIXIE

AT last a monument has been set up in the South—at Fletcher, N. C.—to the man who wrote "Dixie," the famous song of the Confederacy—Daniel Decatur Emmett. The association of "Dixie" with the embattled Southland is curiously accidental. The song was not written with any such purpose in view; it was not even written by a Southerner. Emmett was a son of Ohio, an actor by profession, and he wrote "Dixie," a few years before the war, to furnish a popular touch to a black-face minstrel show playing in a New York theater. Where he got the rollicking tune does not appear. He may have made it up; he may have heard it, or something that suggested it, sung by negroes in the South. However that was, the song was a success from the first. It was already a "hit" when the war began. The Southern soldiers took to it as naturally as the British soldiers in the late war adopted as their marching song "Tipperary," a tune of a somewhat similar origin and a somewhat similar swing.

There is a curious fascination about "Dixie." Some starchy critics object to it on the ground that it has not the dignity of words and music that a song should have that is associated forever with a cause for which men fought and died by thousands. But the Southern people did not feel it inappropriate. Today, when the bands play it, it gets more applause than any other of the war tunes, even in Northern cities. Like "Yankee Doodle," its simple rhythm and cheery bustle seem to touch some responsive chord in the American heart. It is one of the best "folk-songs" the United States, not too well supplied with such music, has to offer. The South will always have a special affection for it, but the whole country has adopted it as its own.

Incidentally, we wonder how the name "Dixie" came to be applied to the Southland. If you consult the reference books, you will find there a perfectly incredible story about a New York man named Dixie, who owned slaves, whom he sold to masters less humane than himself. These slaves, remembering their happy lot as his servants, made up a song about Dixie Land, the lost paradise of their youth. We have never been able to take any stock in this artificial explanation, and we do not now, encyclopedias and handbooks to the contrary notwithstanding.

Has Dixie Land anything to do with Mason and Dixon's line, which separated Pennsylvania from the slave-owning states to the southward? Some people think so, and that is the most plausible and probable explanation of the name we have ever heard. What do our readers who live in the Southland know or think about it?

NOT FICTION, BUT FACT

SEVEN or eight years ago a brother and a sister, Ross and Mary McIntyre, became interested in the work of the scouts. He became a tenderfoot in the Boy Scouts, and she entered the lowest rank in the Girl Scouts. Both were in school, and each had a considerable amount of home study to do. Both, moreover, were fond of athletic sports and prominent in them. He became a star hockey player; she was a leader in basketball; yet neither shirked or slighted the work of the scout troop. They were regular in their attendance, and they took the scout oath seriously.

In a little while they began to advance. One rank after another pinned its insignia on them, and merit badges began to decorate their uniforms. Some of their friends smiled at their assiduity. "All very well," they said, "but what does it amount to? It doesn't get you anything." Nevertheless Ross and Mary stuck to their troops until he became

an Eagle Scout and she a Golden Eaglet, the highest rank that either could attain.

It would have been easy and perhaps natural to quit then, but, though both had entered college, neither did quit. He kept in touch with his old troop, served as substitute scoutmaster whenever opportunity offered and did what he could to pass on to younger members the training that scouting had given him. She extended her interest first to her district council and then to the state, and in the summer took a course at the state training camp for scout leaders.

And now let us see what it "got them." For the last two years that he was in high school and the two years that he has been in college, Ross McIntyre has had a summer job as counselor in a boys' camp in Maine, where he has had his keep and one hundred dollars in cash for the season. Mary, his sister, who is younger and has just finished her freshman year in college, was looking about for something to do this summer when she received a request to call upon a woman who lives in the best residential part of her city. "I wonder," said the woman, "if you would be willing to go down to our summer home and act as companion to our two children during the month of July. We cannot go this year till August, and I want some one to be with them who will be both companion and governess and can interest and keep them interested in outdoor life."

"But," said Mary, "you don't know anything about me! You haven't asked for any references."

"I know a great deal about you, my dear. I have looked up your record."

And so little sister is to have a month at the shore, with cars to ride in and servants to wait on her and a very pretty check at the end of it.

Sometimes the things that seem least likely to "get you anything," are the things that get you the most.

THIS BUSINESS WORLD

A Weekly Summary of Current Events

TALKING AT GENEVA

THE naval limitation conference at Geneva devoted itself for two weeks to finding out what each nation—Great Britain, Japan and the United States—meant to insist upon if any agreement were to be reached. From the first the problem was to bring the proposals of this country and Great Britain into something like harmony. Our chief representative, Mr. Gibson, made it clear that we should not consent to any alteration in the arrangement concerning battleships made at Washington five years ago; so the British idea of prolonging the "effective life" of a battleship by six years, and limiting the size of those ships hereafter to be built, had to be abandoned. On the other hand Great Britain did not want to accept the restriction of 300,000 tons for cruisers of all sizes that we proposed, and insisted that its needs for the protection of its commerce required more tonnage. In reply to the hint that we might build cruisers to equal those of Great Britain, Admiral Bridgeman, their representative, admitted that we had that right but that his country must have what it thought a sufficient amount of protection for its commerce, whatever we decided to do on our part. He emphasized the dependence of Great Britain on its water-borne trade and pointed out that ships were to that country what our railroads are to us. The discussions were good tempered, and some sort of agreement will probably be reached. Incidentally the Chinese representative to the League of Nations served notice to the conference that, if it discussed any questions directly or indirectly concerned with China, it must not expect that country to recognize any decisions that might be reached.

MORE ABOUT THE BYRD FLIGHT

THE four airmen who flew in the plane America to France visited Paris on the Fourth of July and were received with unbounded enthusiasm. The flights of Lindbergh and Byrd have created a curious reversal of public feeling toward America in France. There is a warmer emotion of admiration and friendliness toward us in Paris just at present than at any time since the war. Commander Byrd reports that his flight supplied some important information concerning air currents and flying conditions in fog and storm and says that he believes with better compasses and other instruments, and with a wider knowledge of mete-

orological conditions, it will be possible to fly with safety under almost any circumstances, and that storms can actually be made to help instead of hinder the flyer. He does not expect real commercial aviation to be firmly established for about ten years, however.

A GIANT AIRSHIP

THE Airship Competition Board appointed by the Secretary of the Navy has awarded its \$50,000 prize to the Goodyear Company of Akron for its design of a monstrous dirigible of a capacity of 6,500,000 cubic feet of gas. The airship is planned to carry several guns, and at least five air-planes, which can be launched from runways built into the body of the airship. The dirigible would have a crew of forty-five men and a cruising radius at fifty-knot speed of 12,500 miles—halfway round the globe. If hydrogen instead of helium were used to inflate it, the radius would be even greater.

CRUSADING RUSSIA

THE soviet government is carrying on a popular campaign to arouse the Russian people to what it declares to be the danger facing that country. The other nations, particularly Great Britain, are represented as determined to overthrow the existing government and to nullify the achievements of the Russian Revolution. It is said by those who have observed the way in which this campaign of propaganda is being carried on that nothing of the sort more remarkable has been seen since the Crusades were preached in Europe. Whether the Russians really believe that a war with the Western nations is inevitable, or whether they are rousing patriotic feeling to cover up dissensions among themselves, is a point on which opinions differ.

MEXICAN POLITICS

GENERAL OBREGON, who was president of Mexico before General Calles, the present incumbent, has announced that he is a candidate for another term. The election will be held next year. General Obregon declares himself to be the enemy of the "reactionaries," who, he says, are planning to restore the policies of Diaz and Huerta, but those who oppose him accuse him of throwing dust in the eyes of the nation and say that it is his personal ambition, and not any national emergency, that calls him into the field.

AMERICA AT WIMBLEDON

ALTHOUGH Mr. W. T. Tilden, the famous American tennis player, failed to win the British championship at Wimbledon, the title went finally to M. Cochet, a Frenchman. American women were more fortunate. Miss Helen Wills won the women's championship and with Miss Elizabeth Ryan took the doubles championship also. Mr. Tilden and Mr. Francis Hunter took the men's doubles titles, and Mr. Hunter with Miss Ryan won the mixed doubles. So the United States holds four of the five titles played for.

FINDING A USE FOR THE FLY

PROF. C. G. ABBOT, the eminent physicist who has done a great deal of work in determining the temperature of the heavenly bodies, has constructed a radiometer made partly of the delicate wings of the house fly, which he thinks is sensitive enough to respond to the heat made by a burning match at a distance of several thousand miles. Doctor Abbot says that the great star Rigel has a surface temperature of 28,000° Fahrenheit. Other scientists, estimating theoretically, and not from observation, believe that some suns may have interior temperatures as high as 40,000,000° centigrade, which is some 70,000,000° Fahrenheit!

DELVING INTO THE LONG PAST

ARCHAEOLOGISTS from the British Museum and the University of Pennsylvania are constantly making remarkable discoveries at the ancient city of Ur, in lower Mesopotamia. They have now reached a level which contains the remains of a civilization that existed there at least fifty-five hundred years ago, and found tablets that give the names of ancient kings hitherto unknown, weapons of copper and jewelry of gold that show remarkable skill in handicraft and striking artistic taste, and inscriptions that demonstrate the evolution of a rude script out of the original hieroglyphic forms of writing. It appears that this Chaldean civilization is as old as the earliest civilization of Egypt, if not older.

MISCELLANY

Historic Calendar



Drawn by L. F. Grant

August 6, 1926.

Gertrude Ederle Swims the English Channel

*ACROSS the Channel where the herring run
She swam, and if she had a fear she
hid it;*

*And after Gertrude Ederle had done
The trick, a lot of other people did it.*

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

RELIGION AS ADVENTURE AND ACHIEVEMENT

The Companion's Religious Article

THE truths of religion are permanent, but we can never perceive the whole of any great truth. The emphasis of religion shifts from age to age, as the thought and temper of the people change. A late change in religious thought has moved the emphasis from salvation to achievement.

In periods within the memory of living men and women, the preaching and teaching and experience of religious people was mainly concerned with personal salvation. Even that was adventure:

"I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away I know
I shall forever die."

So they sang in those older days. Religion was not a mere search for a comfortable assurance; there was a risk and an adventure even then.

But that adventure has had new emphasis. With Browning the youth of this day affirm: "I go to try my soul." There is a new and pregnant faith that salvation is to be obtained, not by selfish search for that high privilege, but as the logical and inevitable result of an achievement in character.

There is a passage in St. Mark's gospel in which there seems to be a definite contrast between life and the soul—in which the soul and its salvation are represented as precious above all things, while life, and the things pertaining to life, are held cheap: "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it, but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's the same shall save it. For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

It surprises many readers to learn that Jesus did not make this apparent contrast between the unimportance of life and the importance of the soul. He used the same word, each of the four times, though the translators twice called it "life" and twice called it "soul." Salvation is to be achieved, not by any selfish seeking to save our souls, but by the adventure in which we lose thought of our own souls in promoting the welfare of others.

It may be true that in some respects the emphasis of modern thought is upon relatively unimportant matters to the neglect of some that are more important. But in this one respect at least it would appear that our thought more nearly approaches the thought of Jesus. Religion is an adventure of faith; it is a struggle for achievement. Salvation is the effect.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

1. The iris. 2. The goat. 3. The depth of the sea.
4. Sir Walter Raleigh.
5. "Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light."
6. Animal, vegetable and mineral. 7. A French statesman, conspicuous during the early years of the French Revolution. 8. The jaw bone of an ass. 9. The rattling or crashing noise caused in radio receivers by the presence of active electricity in the atmosphere.
10. Asparagus. 11. Lieutenant general. 12. The gavel.
13. The mainsail of a Marconi-rigged boat is a triangular sail, without any gaff. 14. The owl. 15. (a) Mercury; (b) Jupiter. 16. They are famous lawn tennis players. 17. Sherlock Holmes. 18. The cow-bird. 19. Lieutenants Maitland and Hegenberger. 20. Richard Wagner.



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OUR TRIBAL TEPEE

And how you yourself can make one

By COUNCILOR E. W. FRENTZ

With illustrations by the author

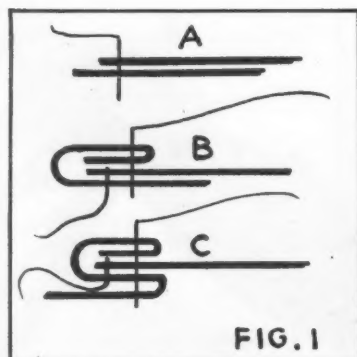


FIG. 1 The seam A shows the first stitching, B the second stitching, C the finished seam. All the surfaces are separated, to show more clearly their relative positions

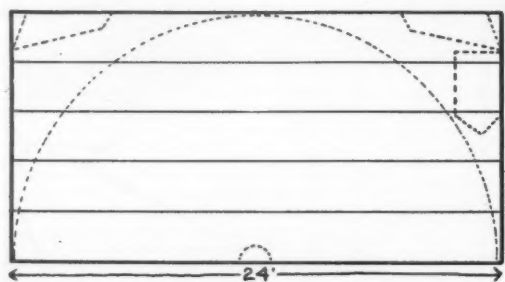


FIG. 2 The drilling stitched together, with the patterns in dotted lines

"I WISH we had a tent," said Al. "So do I," said Fritz. "Let's make one," suggested Phil. "We could make a tepee big enough for all of us, and a tepee is the greatest tent in the world, and a whole lot more."

So was born the idea of the Council Lodge, as the four of us sat under a big oak at the edge of the woods, our unstrung bows and our quivers at our side, and our hands full of luncheon. We were resting from a woodchuck hunt, and the talk of a tent arose from our wish to make some week-end trips into more promising territory. After discussion we sent next day for

The All-Season Coupon

ANYONE who has any doubt of the all-time and all-weather appeal of the Y. C. Lab to its prospective Membership of boys interested in science, engineering and construction should have a look at the Director's mail. It would be only natural to expect that now, and then there would be a slump in the steady stream of application coupons which arrive every day. When the Lab was first started, it was hard, of course, to calculate what effect the seasons would have on applications. Would they be high in winter and low in summer, and medium in the spring and fall, or what? After almost two years of experience the answer can now be stated authoritatively: all seasons are Lab seasons. There is no slump in any month or any time that the Lab has yet encountered since its inception. Every day new boys discover its financial and scientific value to them, and every day from new names and new places comes this flood of applications.

If you have not yet sent in your coupon, it would be wise to delay no longer, inasmuch as there is a theoretical limit to the number of Members for whom we can care. With new Members elected almost every day and with never yet a resignation from the Society, you can readily see that some day there will be a waiting list. It is much nicer to be on the inside looking-out than on the outside looking-in. The answer is, "Clip the coupon today."

ELECTION COUPON

The Director, Y. C. Lab
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy . . . years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work. Send me full particulars of the Y. C. Lab, and an Election Blank upon which I may submit my name for Associate Membership.

Signature

Address

8-4

a Smithsonian publication that contained plans and descriptions of Sioux tepees, and drafted our pattern. We decided that a tent 12 ft. in diameter would be large enough. On consulting a tent-and-awning maker, we fixed upon 6½-oz. drilling as our material and obtained it, 30 in. wide, at 35 cents a yard. A little figuring made it plain that we should need 40 yds., and we bought that amount.

Now, the shape of the material for a tepee is one of the simplest things in the world—merely a semicircle, the circumferential line of which lies on the ground,



and the radius of which will be the diameter of the tent. The first thing that we did, therefore, was to cut the drilling into five strips 8 yds. long and stitch them into a parallelogram 24 ft. by 12.

By a vote of 3 to 1—and you can guess whose was the dissenting voice—Al was elected to the position of seamstress. Having pulled an old awning to pieces to find out what kind of seam to make, he went to it. Awning seams are usually sewed on a double-needle machine,

but we had the use of only an ordinary single-needle family machine—Al's mother's,—but by sewing each seam twice Al got the same result. He used very heavy linen thread and made the seam as shown in Fig. 1.

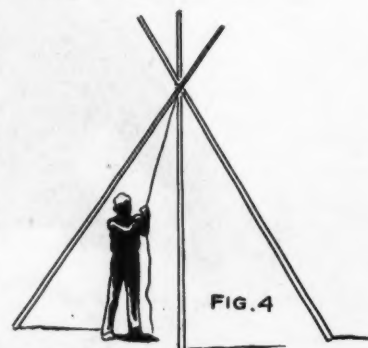
When the sewing was done we laid the parallelogram of drilling on the floor of Phil's barn, drew the patterns shown by the dotted lines in Fig. 2, and cut them out. The semicircular piece was to be the body of the tepee, the two irregular-shaped pieces in the corners outside the semicircle were for the smoke flaps, and the small piece below

the right smoke flap was for the door flap. The next thing was to stitch a hem round the semicircular edge. Under threats of

expulsion from the tribe and of mayhem, Al did it, but all of us helped him work eyelets or grommets in the hem, at intervals of about 3 ft., to hold the stake ropes. We also hemmed the small semicircular opening at the throat of the tepee through which the smoke was to escape, and sewed pockets into the corners of the smoke flaps, and sewed the smoke flaps to the straight edges at the throat and the door flap to one edge at the lower end of one smoke flap. In both edges

of the door flap, and at corresponding places down the straight edges of the front of the tepee below the lower end of the smoke flaps, we made grommets for the lacing sticks. The dressmaking part of the tepee was now finished, and the pattern looked like Fig. 3.

The trimming consisted merely of reeving short lengths of ¾-in. manila rope through the ground grommets, for tie stays, and sewing a piping of the same size of rope round the throat. "Each member of this



The tripod set up, with the anchor rope hanging

The Secretary's Notes

TRANSATLANTIC flights are beginning to be looked upon as the regular order of things. The Lab was among the earliest to find the way. A globe, with a pin stuck at each place where there is a Lab Member, will show why we have changed our slogan "The National Society for Ingenious Boys" to "The World-wide Society."

Following closely upon the application of Anson B. Jackson, Legation of the United States, Riga, Latvia (once a part of Russia), came a coupon from the Gold Coast of British West Africa, sent by J. Enos Aikins, Jr., "Newtownship," Kumasi, Ashanti.

China and the East Indies in the Far East have come into closer communication with the Western Hemisphere since William E. Cady of Tsinan, Shantung, and A. McLame, c/o The Sarawak Steamship Co., Ltd., Sibiu, Sarawak, East Indies, joined the Lab.

From points of the compass due north and south we have been glad to welcome H. P. Rose, Bembridge School, Isle of Wight, England, and Wilbur K. Smith, Rua Fagundes 5A, São Paulo, Brazil. A clear photograph and brief but businesslike description of his project accompanied the application of William Visser (15) of 57 Kerklaan, Ryswyk, near The Hague, Holland.

Applications and other communications from Hawaii and the Philippine Islands have ceased to be a novelty. Rarely a day passes without word of some sort from these two groups of islands in the Pacific.

The coupon of the Y. C. Lab has circled the globe a good many times, returning to headquarters sometimes only after long intervals, but always with the evidence that the power and advantages of this unique Society are known and recognized universally.



THE CHIEFTAINS TAKE THEIR EASE

And where can ease be taken more gracefully than before a tepee of your own construction?

tribe should have his totem on the tepee," said Al. We all agreed, and it was decided that each man's totem should be selected

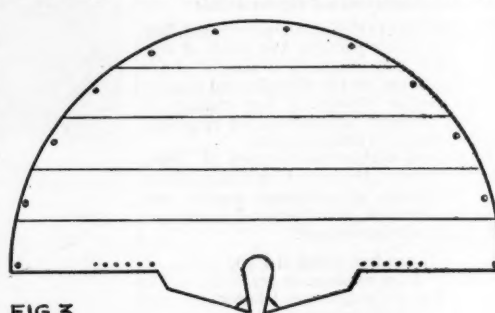


FIG. 3

The finished cover, complete

for him by vote of the other three members of the tribe. So it was that Phil, who had shot two crows with his bow and arrow, became Chief Two-crows; Fritz, who can handle an axe like a Wisconsin lumberjack, became Chief Woodpecker; Al, who leaves stumps that look like a worn-out shaving brush, was declared to be Chief Beaver; and the author, for reasons that it is not necessary to discuss here, became Chief Turtle. All the totems were properly conventionalized and painted on the outside of the tepee in black, by Phil, who is the medicine man of the tribe. Our first camp was made on Long Hill in Vermont, and the tepee went up as smooth as grease. The first thing was to cut 14 poles about 15 ft. long

(Continued on page 529)

88th Weekly \$5 Award



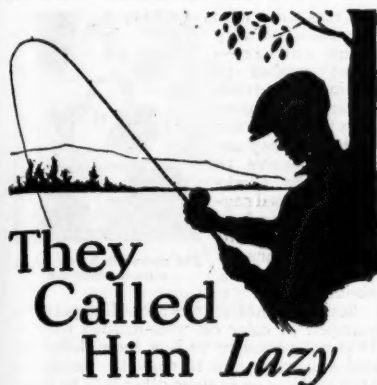
"If you have ever sawed much wood with a crosscut saw," Member Clarence W. Smith (18) of Jefferson, Iowa, writes, "you have some idea why I tried to do it by power."

Most Members of the Lab have had sufficient experience in this gentle art to appreciate Member Smith's situation.

"There are such conveniences on the market," Member Smith continues, "but they cost about \$130.00. I therefore thought I could make one that would serve my purpose better. Practically the entire outfit was made from discarded parts. No money was spent for machine work, and the total cost was about \$9.00."

There is an intense practicality to this sort of construction which should appeal to every Member of the Lab.

"Any industrial worker who moves things by hand is doing things that electricity can do for about two cents an hour." So speaks the General Electric Company in the course of an admirably informing series of advertisements. Not all power machinery can duplicate the cheapness of this, but any Member of the Lab who by invention or adaptation succeeds in making a machine do the work that a man would otherwise have to do is contributing in no small measure to his own comfort and satisfaction and that of his community.



They Called Him Lazy

THE whole bunch were down at the lake with Peter the day after he pulled out the two three-pound bass. "Look at Pete," Bert suddenly urged. "Isn't he the laziest fisherman you ever saw? What I don't see, is how he catches more than any of us. He never seems to even try hard!"

Pete grinned and flipped his rod, oh, so slowly. Yet the line actually sang as the bait shot out over the water. "Huh!" he said. "That's easy. The reason I catch more fish is because I have a real rod. That's why I don't have to try as hard as you. Some day you fellows will get wise to yourself and buy a Bristol Steel Rod and let it do the work. And there's another thing. You, Jim, have lost more than one fish because your reel has frozen or your line snarled. Get a good reel—a Meek or Blue Grass—and a Kingfisher line and you'll catch a lot more fish and have far more fun!"

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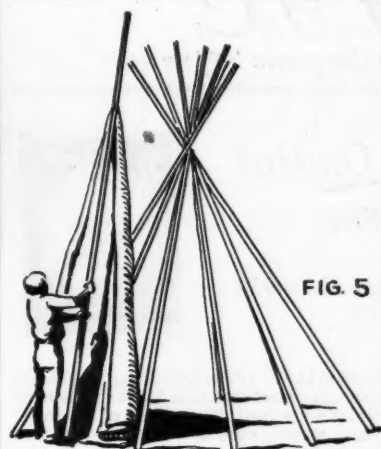
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Why suffer when skin troubles yield so easily to the healing touch of

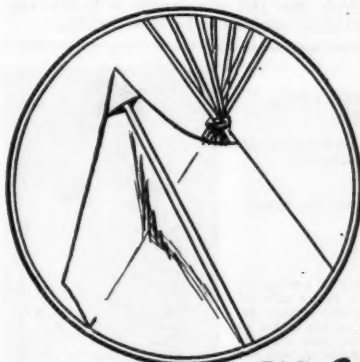
Resinol

THE Y. C. LAB—Continued



Laying the cover on the finished frame

and 3 in. in diameter at the butt. Dead young spruces served the purpose admirably. When we had lopped them free of branches we laid three of them on the ground, small ends together, and at an angle of 120° to one another. We tied the top ends together 12 ft. (the length of the straight sides of the teepee) from the butts, and left a loose end of the rope long enough to reach to the ground and a little more, for an "anchor rope." Then we set the three poles up as a tripod on a 12-ft. circle. (Fig. 4)



One of the smoke flaps, showing the pocket and the smoke hole

Next we laid up eight other poles, the tops resting in the crotches of the first three. (Fig. 5) We next tied the throat rope of the teepee cover to the eleventh pole, 12 ft. from the butt, raised the peak and laid it in place on the other poles, then pulled the cover round all the poles till the straight edges met to form the entrance. Nothing remained but to stake down the edges, draw the stake ropes tight and insert the small ends of the two remaining poles in the pockets of the smoke flaps and the butt ends in the ground. That keeps the smoke flaps distended and set at the proper angle to the wind. (Fig. 6)

It takes only fifteen minutes to pitch our teepee, and no longer to strike it. The sharp slope of the walls causes it to shed water so easily that no waterproofing is necessary. A small fire in the middle of it makes it comfortable and cosy even on the coldest October evenings, and setting the smoke flaps to the wind will clear it of smoke in a few moments. It folds into a compact roll that goes into a barrack bag and weighs less than 20 lbs. It cost us only about \$5.00 apiece, has served us six years, and is good for as many more. The tribe has admitted two new members, the Weasel and the Whale, in return for suitable strings of wampum.

The teepee was designed as a Sioux model, but when Al gets low in his mind he insists on pronouncing it Sew. We should worry!

DIRECTOR'S NOTE:—Even were he not the author of this article on the construction of a teepee, Lab Members would know Councilor Frents as an authority on the out-of-doors. To many members he has been of invaluable assistance in answering knotty questions concerning woodcraft. On archery, Councilor Frents, being a Master Bowyer of the Archers' Guild of America, speaks with particular authority, and the Lab is happy to announce to its members that we will shortly resume, in more detail, the articles on this splendid sport which have earlier appeared on the Lab pages.



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QUICKER than it takes to tell it, you can get these shoes off or on. Just like a fireman puts on his clothes. No laces. No knots. Just slip that hookless fastener up—they're on! Just slip it down—they're off again! Beat all the boys undress-

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A Prize for You



This 1847 "Pieces of eight" silver set in a chest of antique Spanish design will go to the lucky winner in the Senior Division of the G. Y. C. Cooking Contest

HERE we are already in the week that marks the beginning of the second and last month of the greatest contest ever held by the G. Y. C. I can hardly believe it—time flies so when something as thrilling as this is underway. Have you tested out your favorite recipe and sent it in to compete for one of the prizes and a place of your very own in "Recipes for G. Y. C. Cooks," the G. Y. C. Cook Book, in which the best recipes submitted in the contest are going to be printed when the contest is over? Don't let August go by you without joining in this great all-G. Y. C. enterprise, if you are a cook who has won successful achievement with your cooking enterprises. Entries must be judged largely by the form in which they are submitted, for the Judges cannot try out each delicious recipe as it comes, much as they should like to! Contest rules can be tiresome things, I know, but they are tremendously important in this contest; and if you haven't yours now, send for them today. Be sure that you have left nothing out before you mail in your contest entry. And if you aren't a member of the G. Y. C. and eligible to compete, send me the little coupon below. It will bring you a list of the Cooking Contest prizes as well as the rules and, in addition, all the information you need in order to become a Member of the G. Y. C. and to win the lovely blue and gold Keystone Pin which means so much to those of us who wear them.

Hazel Grey

8 Arlington Street

Boston, Mass.



Our Keystone Pin of Gold and Blue

To win this beautiful pin, and enjoy the special advantages of membership, send me this Keystone blank

Return to Hazel Grey

The G. Y. C., 8 Arlington St., Boston

Dear Hazel: I should like to know (you may check one or both):

...How to become first a Corresponding Member, then an Active Member and finally a Contributing Member of the G. Y. C. by myself and how to win the pin and all the advantages of a Member of the G. Y. C.

OR

...How to form a Branch Club of the G. Y. C. with several of my best friends and to win the pin and all the advantages of Corresponding, Active and Contributing Members for us all.

My name is.....

I am.....years old.

Address.....

The G. Y. C.

"The Girls of The Youth's Companion"—Join now!



Rugs of Quaint Charm

G. Y. C. Workbox Enterprise No. 45



THE WORKBOX has just completed its first hooked rug! Every Member had a turn at it, and all agreed that it was a fascinating enterprise.

The rug was not expensive. The materials for it were bought at a 5-and-10-cent store. The frame consists of two 36-inch sticks and two 30-inch sticks, costing 10 cents each. These sticks are made with holes in the ends through which they can be fastened together with small bolts. For a larger rug a frame may be made at home with pieces of wood of the desired size, and these are conveniently held together by small clamps of the kind to be found at the 5-and-10-cent store also.

Heavy mesh net came to 40 cents, and a hook was 10 cents. As the rug was intended for the new bedroom, the girls chose shades of yellow and orange, three shades of lavender and two shades of green on a black background. Each figure in the design was out-

lined in black. The material used for making this was ribbed cotton at 5 cents a skein; 40 skeins were used. Two thirds of a yard of black sateen, costing 20 cents, was used for the lining.

After the sticks were joined into a frame, the net was stretched taut and tied on to it with heavy tapes, which came with the sticks. Hooking is done by holding the strips of cloth under the net and pulling them up with the hook through the squares to the top surface. By hooking the cloth through alternate squares a solid, firm rug resulted. The finished rug measures 30 by 23 inches.

G. Y. C. Workbox Enterprise No. 46

OUR cross-stitch rug is the third for the little bedroom. Now we have rugs showing each of the most popular ways in which any girl may make a lovely rug: braiding, hooking and cross-stitching.

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS?

1. Which of these two costumes should a short, over-weight girl choose?
2. Why?
3. What is wrong with the model's posture?

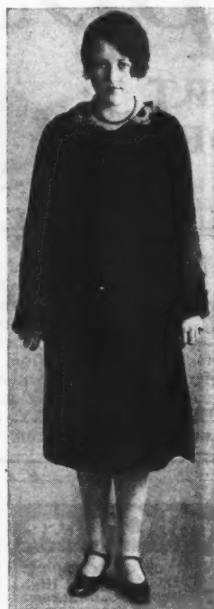
Answers:

(Left)—The short string of beads, the round neck, the trimming at the sides of the collar, the large flowing sleeves accented by embroidery which helps to extend the hip line, the large circular design used in the embroidery, and the left-side drape on the skirt tend to increase the apparent width of the figure and call attention to its boundary lines. The only good point about this dress is that a dark color helps to give a reducing effect.

(Right)—The collarless dress, the long V-shaped neck line, the well-fitted sleeves, the lengthwise plaits in the front of the skirt tend to decrease apparent width and to increase apparent height.

The model's posture is noticeably poor, because she carries her head too far forward.

Photographs by Jamieson



Fashions for the Young Girl

On the Quest for Charm and Style

Do you like to look your best? Do you choose the clothes that are especially adapted to you—clothes which bring out your best points and diminish your less pleasing ones? There is no known reason why you shouldn't look your very best if you really want to! Isn't it consoling to feel that good style and really becoming clothes are within the grasp of all of us, whether we have plump pocketbooks or thin ones—and whether or not our figures correspond to them!

Janet Meade is in Suzanne's class at Sherman Hall. She used to be one of the best-looking girls at school until she gave in to her weight. Now she is almost thirty pounds over the weight that is average for her age and height, and because she is about one eighth of a head too broad and one fourth of a head too short in comparison to the ideal average proportions, her weight does show up. Janet is still quite attractive, but we all are afraid that she will turn into one of those "perfectly hopeless" people unless she decides to do something rather definite for herself before many more weeks have slipped away from her. Some of her best friends will prevail upon her to do that "something" if she can't see how much she needs to by herself. But don't leave it up to your friends to tell you what your shortcomings are. They may be shy, and before you know it you will be dangerously near that "perfectly

hopeless" class if you vary very much from the ideal average proportions.

If you feel yourself slipping into the group of girls who buy or make their clothes without knowing why they are choosing particular lines, colors or materials, why not do something about it today? Send for the complete directions that Miss Margia Haugh, our G. Y. C. Expert Adviser, and head of the Clothing Division of the Department of Home Economics at Simmons College, has given us for making individual-proportion charts to compare with an ideal average girl's figure. With this comes a table of average weights for different heights. When you have determined your own individual points with the help of your chart, decide which group you belong to, if you find you vary from the average, and then ask for Miss Haugh's specific helps for:

1. The Girl Who Is Short and Under Weight.
2. The Girl Who Is Short and Over Weight.
3. The Girl Who Is Tall and Under Weight.
4. The Girl Who Is Tall and Over Weight.

Remember to send a stamped, addressed envelope, please, in which I can answer your request.

HAZEL GREY

Cross-stitch rugs are made on very open canvas,—three meshes to the inch,—and each square inch requires only 9 crossstitches to fill it. They are not expensive to make—the Workbox purchased canvas 45 inches long for \$1.25 a yard and 27 skeins of yarn at 20 cents a skein.



The cross-stitch rug when almost complete

Several manufacturers are selling patterns stamped in color on wide-meshed canvas. It is not necessary to buy these, however, and you may want to copy the design on your curtains or in some other way to carry out a design in your room.

To design your own cross-stitch pattern, decide how large you want your pattern to be and then divide the pattern you are copying into squares. Your cross-stitch pattern will have three of these squares to the inch in each direction; so plan the number of squares on the pattern you are adapting with this in mind. If you want to reproduce the pattern in the same size, divide the pattern into squares a third of an inch across. If you want to reduce the pattern, make the squares larger.

In the Workbox rug, the border stitches were first counted out and filled in. The silhouette figure at the left was then started at



Lucille has first turn at hooking the Workbox rug

the feet and worked upward. When that was completed the other figure was put in the same way. The background was filled in after both figures were finished. The rug measured 41 by 27 inches. We lined it with black sateen. The color scheme followed was simply black silhouettes on a buff background. This required 13 skeins of the black yarn and 14 of the buff.

Open-mesh canvas is sold at any store carrying art needle-work materials. You will also find cross-stitch designs of many varieties on the market. These may be worked into a rug by counting the meshes of the canvas and then putting in as many stitches of each color as the design shows.

You can make cushions to match your rugs, too. If you have a little bench before your dressing-table, why not make a cross-stitch cover for that to match your rugs?



Sally starts the cross-stitch rug



COME TRAVEL TO FOOCHOW, CHINA

By Lillian M. Allen

A PRETTY place is Foochow town, an ancient spot of great renown. The little houses open wide their whole front room the road beside; and all along the narrow street the people live and work and eat and hang their washing out to dry on bamboo poles which you pass by.

Sometimes you'll see men wash their feet right on the little narrow street, or barbers cutting people's hair, right out with people passing there. Sometimes you'll meet a beggar-boy—a copper fills his heart with joy. Sometimes a box slung on a pole will have some chopsticks and a bowl, with rice and noodles piping hot; and folks eat tiffin on the spot.

Sometimes a little shop you'll pass, where men are making things of brass, or lacquered trays, or vases rare, right in their little houses, where, upon the little crowded street, they live and work and sell and eat.

Here too the youngest children play in safety all the livelong day. No motor cars to make them run; no trolleys, too, to spoil their fun; but rickshaws pass with jingling bell, and loaded man-pushed carts as well; or pony taxis clang their gong, or sedan chairs swing slow along.

Sometimes you'll happen on a school, where pupils on a narrow stool shout out their lessons all day long; till dark you'll hear their queer sing-song. Their books they study wrong end to—begin at back and come straight through, commencing where you'd think they're done, and reading backward to page one.

You'll see a lot of women too, barefoot, bareheaded, dressed in blue, with flowers in their smooth black hair, or three great spikes of silver there. Their little shoes are trimmed with red to match the flowers on each head, and as they walk they pick their way among the puddles there all day.

Sometimes a gentleman you'll meet, with silk gown coming to his feet, bareheaded, carrying a fan—a most distinguished-looking man. Or sometimes on the street you'll spy a gorgeous lady-butterfly in purple trousers, pink silk coat, with green jade necklace at her throat, and tiny feet with scarlet shoes embroidered in the gayest hues.

And sometimes, curious to say, you'll meet along the narrow way a flock of goats, a pig, a cow.

Oh, it's a funny old Foochow, with such a lot of things to meet along the little crowded street! And yet, when I am passing by, my black umbrella open high to keep the rain from soaking flat my yellow curls and new pink hat, my best white dress and ribbons gay, you would most surely think, the way the people stop and smile and call, that I'm the queerest sight of all!

Attention—All Members of the Garden Club!

ARE your Records beginning to overflow with all that you are doing to your gardens? Are you writing down all kinds of thrilling things in them this month? Are you picking flowers and eating vegetables that are the results of your care of your own little gardens? Record Books may be sent in any time between September 1, 1927, and October 1, 1927—not later than October 1, if you want the Judges to consider you for one of the silver cups and the many delightful prizes that will be awarded to the boys and girls, members of The Youth's Companion Garden Club, who submit the best records of their gardens. Write to me if you have any questions.

THE GARDEN CLUB LEADER

8 Arlington Street

Boston, Mass.

Jane and Betty's Garden. IV.

BY AUGUST Jane and Betty's garden was quite grown up. They were very proud of it, and so was Mother. She took all her guests to see it and enjoyed the pleasant things they said quite as much as the children themselves. For indeed it was a splendid garden. The children had worked hard in it, and the garden showed it. Every morning there was a fresh lot of vegetables ready to be picked—beets and carrots galore, bunches of crisp lettuce, and curly parsley. The second sowings were all ready, and the beans were simply loaded with pods.

"It seems," said Betty, "as if the more beans you pick the more you have."

"Yes," said Jane, "just like the fairy purse that never got empty. Only," she added, "of course the bushes will—finally."

"I suppose so," said Betty, "but by that time we'll be glad. It does seem as if we'd had mostly beans for luncheon lately, doesn't it? Let's take these to Mrs. Brown."

Jane thought that was a fine idea. There were drawbacks to having too many beans ripe at the same time! So she went for the wheelbarrow and helped Betty cover the bottom with beans. Then they pulled a few beets and carrots to go with them and decorated the vegetables with a big bunch of zinnias laid on top. The old green barrow looked very pretty indeed as the children wheeled it down hill to Mrs. Brown's. And so, Mother thought,

did the children, with their deep sun hats and bright-colored frocks.

Mrs. Brown was delighted. She gave each child a kiss and a cookie and asked them all to stay and talk to her. They'd have liked to, for Mrs. Brown was a great friend, but there was work to be done in the garden. There was still a little weeding and cultivating to be done between the latest planted rows. And there was a great deal of tying up. The tomatoes weren't ripe yet, but they were getting very large and heavy, so that even the baskets couldn't keep some of the branches from lying on the ground. Mother bought a bunch of raffia and showed the children how to tie them so that the sun could get at the fruit and ripen it.

Some of the leafiest branches they clipped off entirely, for the same reason.

The cauliflower, too, had to be tied, but for a different reason. You tied the big green outside leaves loosely over the firm white "flower," and that bleached the cauliflower and made it taste as it should. If there were worms in the flower, you picked them off, and dropped them into a jar of kerosene. Jane and Betty hated that, but it had to be done.

BY August, the children were picking great bunches of zinnias every day. They were like the beans: the more you picked the more you had. So there was always plenty for house and garden both.



Nuts & Crack

1. HIDDEN CAPITAL.

I see that Anna politely turned her back and overlooked the mistake.
The name of the capital of one of the states is concealed in the above sentence.

2. MISSING WORDS.

A ***** is a fitting place.
For ***** to assemble.
When music from the ***** band.
Makes all the rafters tremble.
The three missing words are all spelled with the same six letters, differently arranged.

3. WORD-DIAMOND.

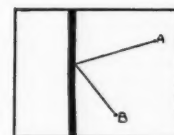
1. A letter. 2. A fowl. 3. Sheltered nooks. 4. Rectitude. 5. A number. 6. Snuggles. 7. A war-horse. 8. An affirmative. 9. A letter.

4. CHARADE.

My first is a cover, a hat it might be; And then, if you guess it, my second you'll see.

My last is a nickname, for boy or a man.
My whole is most excellent. Guess if you can.

5. COLONEL PUZZLER.



The cavalymen lived in a building marked A; when each man went on duty in the stable, B, he was required to carry a bucket from A to the canal, fill it with water and carry the water to the stable. There was a path, as shown, but one day Colonel Puzzler told the sergeant the path could be made shorter, and it would then save the men some steps.

How would you lay out the shortest path?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

1. Reineth; Neither; Therein.
2. Para; Ajar; Raft; Arts.
3. Ab-Ra-Cad-Ab-Ra; Abracadabra.
4. Chap; Apes; Espy; Pyre; Rein; Inch; Chap.
5. Thirteen thousand, thirteen hundred, and thirteen is not 131313, but 14313.

One thing about having a garden is that it greatly changes your ideas about rain. Jane and Betty used to feel very badly when they woke up in the morning to a rainy day. But after they had their garden, it was different. August was a very dry month. Days and days went by without rain, until it seemed to them as if it never meant to rain again. They found themselves watching every little cloud that appeared in the sky, hoping it would turn into a rain cloud. Meantime they sprinkled with the hose, but that seemed to do very little good. The garden was getting dryer and yellower every day. Jane was afraid there would be nothing left of it at all for September.

But finally, after a sultry day, the rain came—a real rain, that swept in sheets over the garden and splashed into little columbines on the pavement. You could just feel it making the garden new again. Jane and Betty stayed indoors and read all their old books over again without making a single complaint. They knew how much the rain was needed.

"This will make everything fine for next month, won't it, Mother?" they asked.

Mother agreed that it would, and added something else which the children didn't quite understand. It was something about there being more than one reason why gardens were good things for children to have.

THE GARDEN CLUB LEADER

A LETTER FROM THE GIRL WHO WON PETE, THE PRIZE PUPPY

Dear Editor:

Pete has worn himself out at last, and now I shall try to write a nice long letter to you before he decides it is time for another walk! The poor little fellow had a long ride all alone in his box, but he was quite all right when he came. He was a little shy when he first arrived, but after I gave him a drink of water he trusted me enough so that I could pet him. You have no idea how cute he



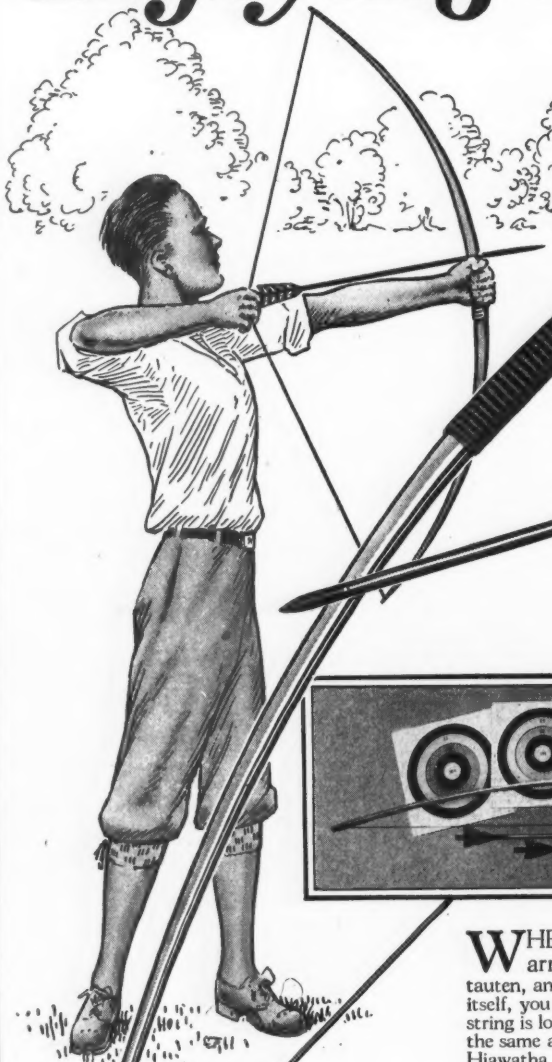
looked as he wandered around trying to accustom himself to the strange people and animals and plants. Unluckily he and my kitten did not like each other when they first met—Pete sniffed at kitty, and Felicia scratched his nose! Of course I ran down the steps as soon as I saw them together and managed to separate them in a minute. But they have eyed each other suspiciously ever since.

Everyone in my home town has been hearing about the puppy I won in the contest, for months and months, and now that he has come I am besieged by interested friends everywhere I go with Pete. They want to know what kind of dog he is, how much I would sell him for, where he came from—but the most common question is: "Did you ever see such a darling dog?" No matter how much people praise Pete, they can't be as thrilled about him as I am.

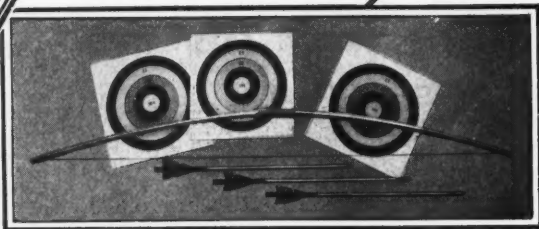
I hardly know how to express my gratitude to you and The Youth's Companion for my puppy, but any magazine that understands children well enough to know that they love pets, and dogs especially, is certainly worthy of the highest praise.

Sincerely yours,
MILDRED ELIZABETH WISE

Join the Thousands Enjoying ARCHERY



"Strong of arm was Hiawatha;
He could shoot ten arrows upward,
Shoot them with such strength and
swiftness
That the tenth had left the bow-
string
Ere the first to earth had fallen!"



You Can Easily Earn This "Buck-Injun" Archery Set

WHEN you pull the feathered tip of the arrow by your cheek, feel the string tauten, and the strength of the bow resistingly assert itself, you get a thrill that is only exceeded when the string is loosed and the arrow flies toward its mark. It's the same age-old thrill that brought joy to the heart of Hiawatha — that made the blood leap faster beneath Robin Hood's green jacket — that is making archery

a leading sport today. Here is just the set you can enjoy it with. The bow is of selected hickory, gracefully modeled and hand-decorated, with hand-rubbed, satin finish. The grip is wound with strong colored cord. The arrows are of beautifully grained birch, perfectly feathered and finished, and tipped with copper points. With them are included three brilliant targets printed in colors on heavy white cardboard.

Here is
a Sport for
the Open Spaces.
Developer of arm,
chest, eye and nerve.

Ancient Sport Sweeping Country

Wherever society and young people gather for play, you will find the long bow in everybody's hands, for the ancient sport of Archery has invaded America once more. Its fascination has captured the resorts and camps of seashore and mountains, while public schools and colleges are giving it serious attention. Combining the elements of outdoor exercise with individual skill, this sport, handed down from the days when the bow and arrow was the chief weapon of defense and the hunt, is now on a rising tide of popularity.

The Outfit Includes

This splendid "Buck-Injun" Archery Set includes one 4-ft. "Buck-Injun" bow of selected hickory, three copper-pointed birch arrows, and three 3-color bull's-eye targets, neatly boxed.

Our Offer to Companion Subscribers

The complete "Buck-Injun" Archery Set, consisting of 4-ft. bow, 3 arrows, and 3 targets, boxed in strong individual corrugated container, will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 75 cents extra. Or, the Archery Set will be sold for \$2.50. In either case, also include postage for 3-lb. package.

Be the First in "Your Crowd" to Get This Set

Form an Archery Club

YOU can have a lot of fun organizing an Archery Club in your neighborhood. First get a new Companion subscription and secure your own archery set, as offered below, then the one who gave you the subscription is eligible as a subscriber to earn an archery set by securing the subscription of a friend. In this way several friends may in a short while equip themselves with individual sets. Frequent tournaments may be held by the club, and prizes awarded the winners.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H.

8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.